

The Mapleton Item.

VOL. 6.

MAPLETON DEPOT, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1894.

NO. 26

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

On and after May 27, 1894, trains will depart from Mapleton (eastern standard time) as follows:

GOING WEST.
For Huntingdon, every day, 5.49, 11.48, a. m., and 8.14 p. m.

For Tyrone, Altoona and Pittsburg, every day, 5.49, 11.48 a. m., and 8.14 p. m.

Trains leave Altoona for Pittsburg, 3.40, 4.55 and 8.00 A. M., 1.55, 3.45, 6.15 (limited), 7.55 and 10.50 P. M., every day, and 2.15 a. m. daily except Monday.

Trains leave Huntingdon for Bedford, Cumberland and way stations, 8.35 a. m., 1.00 p. m., 6.35 p. m., week days, and 8.10 a. m., Sundays.

Trains leave Tyrone for Clearfield branch, 8.20 a. m. and 3.15 and 7.30 p. m., week days.

Leave Tyrone for Lock Haven and points on Bald Eagle branch and the P. and E. R. L., 8.10 a. m., 3.10 and 7.25 p. m., week days.

Connection is made at (Union Station) Pittsburg for all points West, Northwest and Southwest.

GOING EAST.
Leave Mapleton for Lewistown June.. 8.47 3.35 and 7.35 p. m., every day and 6.32 a. m., week days.

For Mifflin, 8.47 3.35 and 7.35 p. m., every day, and 6.32 a. m., week days.

For Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington, 8.47, 2.38, 7.35 p. m., every day, and 6.32 a. m., week days.

Trains leave Lewistown Junction for Sunbury and points on the P. and E. R. R. and N. C. Ry. at 7.40 a. m., 3.00 p. m., week days.

Connection is made at Harrisburg for stations North and South on N. C. Ry.

Trains leave Harrisburg as follows:

Philadelphia Express daily at 1.10 A. M., arrives at Philadelphia at 4.30 A. M. and New York at 7.33 A. M.

Eastern Express daily at 2.15 A. M. arrives Philadelphia 5.05 A. M. and New York 7.43 A. M. Fast Line daily at 3.45 A. M., arrives Philadelphia 6.50 A. M. daily and New York 9.33 A. M. week days and 10.35 A. M. Sunday.

Harrisburg Express daily (except Sunday) at 6.50 A. M. arrives at Philadelphia at 10.20 A. M. and New York at 1.13 P. M.

Atlantic Express daily at 10.35 A. M. arrives at Philadelphia at 1.25 P. M. and New York at 4.03 P. M.

Seashore Express daily (except Sunday) at 11.40 A. M., arrives at Philadelphia 3.00 P. M. and New York at 5.53 P. M.

Pennsylvania Limited Express of Pullman Vestibule cars daily at 1.40 p. m. and arrives at Philadelphia at 4.17 p. m. and New York at 6.30 p. m.

Philadelphia Accommodation, 2.15 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Arrives at Philadelphia 6.45 p. m., New York 9.38 p. m.

Day Express daily at 3.40 p. m., arrives at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m. and New York at 9.38 p. m.

Harrisburg Accommodation, daily (except Sunday), at 4.50 p. m., and arrives at Philadelphia at 9.45 p. m., New York 12.33 a. m. (except Monday).

Mail Train daily at 7.30 p. m. arrives at Philadelphia at 11.15 p. m., New York, 3.53 a. m.

Mail Train, Sunday only, 1.30 p. m., arrives at Philadelphia 6.15 p. m., New York 9.20 p. m.

For rates, maps, etc., call on ticket agents or address Thomas E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, J. R. WOOD,
Gen'l Manager. Gen'l Pass. Agt.

EAST BROAD TOP RAILROAD.

To take effect at 7:46 a. m., on Monday, July 2, 1894.

NORTH.

SOUTH.

STATIONS.

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THE MERRY HUSKING TIME.

The fields are filled with a smoky haze,
The golden spears
Of the ripening ears
Peep from the crested and pennoned maize.
All down the rustling rows are rolled
The portly pumpkins, green and gold.
Altogether
'Tis very fine weather,
Just as the almanac foretold.
* * * * *
All day we cut and bind; till at night—
Where a field of corn in
The misty morning
Waved in the level September light—
All over the shadowy stubble-land,
The stocks, like Indian wigwags stand,
Compact and secure.
There leave them to cure,
Till the merry husking time is at hand.
Then the fodder will be to stack or to house,
And the ears to husk.
But now the dusk
Falls soft as the shadows of cool pine boughs;
Our good day's work is done; the night
Brings wholesome fatigue and appetite;
Up comes the balloon
Of the huge red moon,
And home we go, singing gay songs by its light.

—J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

"What a marvelous power over pillows you possess. Thank you; how kind you are! I wonder if you are as honest."

"As much so as women generally."

"Ma foi! have I offended? I beg pardon. Camp life has made me rude. I wonder what brought you to such a place as this."

"Another wonder which I can better satisfy. Selfishness brought me here. I came to relieve my own suffering."

"In doing good to others worse off. That is a peculiar selfishness; but have you suffered really?"

"So much so that I must not speak of it. Why were you speculating on my honesty?"

"Because I wish to ask a plain question and receive a straightforward answer."

"En avant."

"I feel pretty sure of you—more so than of three men who potter over me with 'Well, my boy, we must turn you out before long.' Turn me out; yes, indeed, they will. What I wish to ask is, how much longer you think I'll last?"

He was not much more than a boy, and looking into his fine clear eyes, I hated for once to tell the truth. But day by day I had watched him with the motherly tenderness fate had denied my spending over children of my own, and each day I had seen the silver cord slipping, slipping—slowly, barely perceptible, yet very surely loosening. After he spoke and lay there closely watching for my answers, scanning eagerly my face, which was too well tutored to express even pity when I chose it should not, I was silent for a while.

"Won't you tell me?" he pleaded.

"I want to see you strive more hopefully for health."

A faint smile curled his lip.

"Like all the rest," he whispered to himself.

"I think not," was the reply, while for a moment a prayer from my heart went up for the youth and manhood ebbing, but as one drop from the nation's heart, one drop of the great red artery, carrying away in the stealthy flow the pride and glory of our homes.

"How much longer, then," he repeated, "do you think I'll last?"

"God only knows, my dear young friend; not many days unless there is reaction."

He closed his eyes and became a little paler, but I did not fear any harm. I knew I had done right. He was one to bear

truth.

"Thank you," he said at last, and grasped my hand.

"But you must care more to live; you must not be so passive," I told him.

"No; if you knew all you would not think so."

"You told me you had not; have you not sisters, some one whose presence would cheer you?"

"No," he replied, but the gathering frown of pain and annoyance warned me to change the topic. I rearranged the trifles near him and was about leaving him, hoping that sleep would refresh him, but he begged me to stay. So I took up a book and began softly reading, but that also had not the desired effect.

"There is one person I wish to see before I die," he answered. "I am not sure she would come," he muttered, "yet I wish, I long, I must see her. Will you write, or will you go—that would be better—go for her? Tell her, Florence Withers, that I, Dick Temple, am dying, and she must come, bid me good-bye, or my ghost." He buried his face in his pillow, and I, with a heart aching for his loneliness, promised to do his bidding.

That is why I am waiting the return of the liveried man, who has ushered me in this sumptuous room and carried my card and note to the lady I have never heard of nor seen before.

The house does not differ from the many of wealth and fashion I have been in; the same elegance and luxury and repose reign in all. There is no more to be guessed from it than from the glistening garb a woman wears at her bridal; no more, no less. The taste of the upholsterer and the modiste is about all we get at from either. Lace and damask, ormolu and brouze—tulles, orange blossoms and veil.

I was rather startled by the footman's return and message in the midst of this reverie, but was too conscious of the necessary calmness and imperturbability in the presence of such functionaries to betray myself.

"Will you please go upstairs?"

"Certainly," and I followed his lead.

Noiselessly we went through the vast hall, up the broad, carved, oaken staircase, to the door where I was ushered in alone.

A young maid-servant met me and whispered quickly:

"My mistress has been very ill; for weeks we have thought something was wrong here," tapping her forehead with her finger, "but as soon as she read your note she brightened and said she must see you. The nurse is out, and I don't know whether it's right. You will please tell the nurse it's not my fault if you see her."

The room was darkened, the heavy curtains down, so that the sunshine filtering through them had the purple tinge of twilight.

On a low cushioned lounge, half lost in the pillows, I espied white drapery, and a soft, sweet voice gave me welcome. I approached and told my errand cautiously, for I reckoned rightly that I was not the bearer of glad tidings.

At the first glance the face seemed to reiterate what the maid had whispered. It was an exquisite face, the kind that men rave about; of flower-like beauty and

mold, tint and texture. The long, sweeping lashes raised slowly and the eyes gazed abstractedly, like a child's waking out of a dream. She looked at me as if striving to recall my personality, which I gently explained was one she had no cognizance of. Then she looked at my note and the light of full reason swept away the mistiness of doubt which veiled her face of expression.

"You are come from Richard, Richard Temple. Sit down here by me and tell me all about him. Is he so ill? Was he very badly wounded?"

"Very badly, very cruelly wounded," I replied, not surprised to see the sudden swaying of her slender form, as ash trees bend with a sudden gust, and a great driving fall of tears.

"You know, do you not, that he is no relative of mine—that, as Mrs. Withers, I ought not even call him friend?"

"No; he did not tell me so."

"But he is dying; you cannot deny it. It is not wrong for me to think of him now; is it? I am glad he is dying, for I can love him now; there is no harm in it. My darling, darling, oh, how I have been punished! I wonder if God ever forgives such as I—woman false to their better nature?"

"He forgives all who repent."

"But I have been forced into repentance after cloaking myself in deceit. I knew Richard loved me long ago, though he had not said it in plain words; every look and action was full of tenderness; but I was spoiled with flattery and adulation, and piqued that he gave me none; so, in wicked coquetry, I allowed others to suppose my heart was free.

"Three summers ago we were at Lake G. Papa never fancied Richard, because his family was not distingue, and he was very ambitious that I should make a grand match; so, before I had hardly knew what I was doing, I was betrothed to Mr. Withers. At first the novelty and sensation of the thing amused me, and for a week or two I was quite happy; but one evening Richard came back from a trip in the mountains and I was so glad to see him that I quite forgot my fiancé. We strolled around the piazza alone, for Mr. Withers had gone sailing, which I could never be induced to do, and at last sauntered in where the people were dancing. The music drowned our voices, and we were sheltered by the bay window; but in the pause of the band Richard told me the old, old story, which it was too late now for me to hear. It stunned me so completely that I forgot where I was—that his arm was around me and his lips near mine; but so differently was I moved, so much more my heart responded to his glowing words than to the stately offer I had before received, that I dared not tell him the truth. For a little while my silence sufficed him; my heart was beating so tumultuously I could not speak, and he was happy—for a short time only, for directly Mr. Withers came for me to dance, calling me familiarly 'Florence'; and I, quickly drawing off my glove, showed him my manacle; the diamonds flashed truth in his eyes, and I whirled away in a redowa with Mr. Withers.

"I have not seen him since. I

knew he enlisted as a private; I heard that he was wounded, and that shock and the death of my child have almost crazed me; but I have told you all this, so you can advise me. Shall I go to him, or will it be wrong?"

Had she been my own child I could not have more pitied her, or been less puzzled how to reply. There was her beautiful face looking up at me with the same pleading that another face lying on a lonely cot had worn.

"Where is your husband? Ask his permission," I evaded.

"He is away from home."

"Can you not write?"

She shuddered a little. "It may be too late then."

It may be I was sinning for a moment in thinking there could be no wrong in her yielding to the dictate of her heart this once—for once letting custom and appearance, aye, even duty, stand aside; but any woman with natural feeling in her bosom would have been tempted, as I was, to tell her to go, for there she stood, watching me with painful intensity and apprehension, as if the boon she craved were in my gift.

"Just once before he dies," she whispered.

"But the cost of that once—your husband's anger—"

She sprang to her feet. "Do you think I care for the cost, or in what way I may suffer for it, while he lies there dying all alone?"

"You have vowed before God to obey your husband. Do you candidly believe he would be willing?"

"She sank down again, huskily uttering, 'No.'"

My heart was full of pity, but I had the strength to say: "Then, my dear Mrs. Withers, it is very plain to me that even this wish is one you must not harbor, though to stifle it makes your cross ten times heavier."

I clasped her hand and drew her head down on my bosom, where it lay motionless for some time; nor would I have had her know the defiant thoughts which I was hurling at the world and all its mockeries.

When I rose to go she thanked me with earnest gravity and bade me tell Richard, with great tenderness, that though she had always loved him, she was striving to be a true wife. Her face had lost all its color, and her eyes had almost a dull opaqueness. With assurances that I would do all in my power to comfort him, I left her—left her in the gorgeous purple twilight of her darkened room, crowned with youth and beauty and sorrow, for

"—this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is
Remembering happier things."

It was very hard for me to go back to that little hospital cot with so empty a return for the impatient longings spent in vain.

But he bore it manfully, without a tremor in his voice or lip, weak as he was, and I lashed upon him all the gentleness and care I could command.

The end was not far off. The shadows were growing longer and gathering denser. Life receding; eternity drawing nigh. Every day I strove to make the narrow path lighter with the truth and rob death of its gloom. He had a fearless, bright spirit, seldom giving way to doubts. Never again had

Continued on eighth page.

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LEFT DEATH IN ITS WAKE.

A TORNADO CAUSES RUIN IN MANY IOWA TOWNS.

Nearly a Hundred Killed Outright and Two Hundred Injured—A Vast Amount of Property Destroyed—Several Towns Swept Out of Existence—A Path of Devastation.

The worst storm of wind, hail and rain known in years between 8 and 11 o'clock p. m. swept over a narrow strip of country 300 miles long in Iowa and everything in its path was laid waste by the hurricane which in many places developed into a regular cyclone. In the path of the "twister" were left ruined towns, devastated farms and several hundred dead and injured people. Starting about ten miles south of Spencer in Northwestern Iowa, the storm of wind at 8 o'clock began its work of destruction. Taking everything before it it swept across the State just north of Emmetsburg and Algona. It touched only the southern part of Lincoln Township, and thence passed eastward to Manly Junction and into the southern part of Worth County.

The latest reports from the stricken district of the destruction wrought indicated that the loss of life was about seventy-five, the injured number, perhaps, 300.

Some of those hurt were expected to die, and it was considered not unlikely that fully 100 persons would be numbered in the list of the storm's fury. The property loss is very heavy.

The fury of the storm seems to have been spent with the destruction of Spring Valley. In this place four persons were left dead, some severely hurt, while the property loss is estimated at \$85,000, the residence portion of the town lying directly in the path of the cyclone.

At Leroy, lying southwest, four were killed and several fatally injured. The destruction of property amounts to about \$75,000. This is a heavy blow to the village, for its chief business houses lie in ruins.

Fifteen miles north of Mason City, Iowa, four persons were killed outright and as many more probably fatally hurt, while all the buildings struck are total wrecks, the loss being in the neighborhood of \$50,000.

East at Lowther, a town of about 100 persons on the Chicago and Great Western, three persons were fatally hurt and the whole country for miles around laid in ruins. The loss in that vicinity will probably be not far from \$100,000. Five miles north of Osage, Iowa, six persons were killed and a large number hurt. The destruction of farm property is quite heavy.

West of Mason City, near Britt, two persons were killed outright, while north of that town some half dozen lost their lives. Three miles north of Wesley, Kossuth County, J. Bingham's house was overturned and caught fire. The inmates had a narrow escape. The killed in that vicinity are M. Castle and wife, J. W. Dingman, Mrs. Tweed, mother of Thomas Tweed; two children of Thomas Tweed, M. Schweppe and two children, Fred French and two children, infant of Mr. and Mrs. Eden, and Mr. and Mrs. Rockaw.

North of Algona seems to have been the scene of the greatest number of deaths, more persons being killed in Kossuth County than in any other one county through which the tornado passed. Nineteen funerals were held at Algona next day.

North of Emmetsburg, which seems to have been the place where the tornado first assumed dangerous proportions, two lives were lost. From there the storm went tearing across the country, demolishing everything in its path.

For the most part of its course it traveled through a farming district, Leroy and Spring Valley, Minn., being the only two towns of any consequence that were damaged, but even here the deaths were comparatively few.

The fact that the storm went through a part of Spring Valley, and most of the residents were not aware of its work of destruction until the fire bells were rung, shows what a narrow strip of country was swept.

As the storm traveled through the country and avoided villages and towns, the property loss is largely confined to farm buildings, and these being badly scattered make even an approximation of the loss impossible, but conservative estimates place the damage at not less than \$1,000,000.

Incidents reported from near Algona, whence a relief expedition of surgeons and others went out show the fury of the storm. The little town of Cylindar, twenty miles west of Algona, on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, was literally swept from the face of the earth.

About twenty-five miles north of that place a family named Cullen, four in number, were all killed. The town of Whiteman, twelve miles west of Algona, was unharmed, but Robert Stevenson, a farmer living four miles north, was killed, and his wife fatally injured.

Eighteen persons who sought shelter in the house on the Durant place were more or less hurt. They were going home from the county fair at Algona.

A little further on fourteen others were huddled into the Bagelmar house. Here Carl Barrycke was badly hurt and his wife was probably fatally injured. Charles Leo and wife and five children were blown away.

One of the children was killed and the wife badly hurt, and all of the company who escaped death were injured. The wife and children of Fred Pompe, in Fenton Township, were in the house which was completely wrecked, but they were covered up by the falling walls and not one of them was hurt.

George W. Beavers, three miles north of Algona, had just reached home from the fair. He got into the house with his wife and two children and an adopted boy, and was just going down cellar when the tornado struck the house and demolished it completely. The whole family was carried with the ruins about four rods into the road. Beavers had the baby in his arms, and with it he made his way to the house of Christain Dan, his father-in-law, for help. His wife was just dying when he returned.

GOLD GALORE.

For Seven Months the Increase in Production is \$20,000,000.

Director of the Mint Preston is in receipt of official information from the gold-producing countries of the world showing that the increase in production thus far for the year aggregates \$20,000,000. This covers a period of only seven months, and he believes it probable that the increase for the year will exceed \$40,000,000. Of the amount of increase to the 1st of August between \$6,000,000 and \$7,000,000 was produced in this country. South Africa reports an increase of about \$10,000,000, and the balance was produced on the African coast. The reports from several countries, including Australasia and Russia, have not yet been received.

For the same period there has been a marked falling off in the production of silver.

THE NEWS EPITOMIZED.

Eastern and Middle States.

POLICEMAN OTTO leaned against an electric light post in Elizabeth, N. J., and was shocked to death.

WHILE many Hoboken people were guests of Samuel Kilpatrick at Tacony, N. J., the host shot his wife dead without apparent cause, and wounded a guest who interfered.

GOVERNOR ROSWELL P. FLOWER, in a statement, announced that he would not be a candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in New York. Mr. Sheehan, in a letter, said he would not be a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor.

THE New York Republican State Convention at Saratoga nominated Levi P. Morton for Governor, Charles T. Saxton for Lieutenant-Governor, and Albert Haight for Judge of the Court of Appeals.

THE Connecticut Republicans met at Hartford and made the following nominations: For Governor—O. Vincent Coffin, of Middletown. For Lieutenant Governor—Lorrin A. Cooke, of Barkhamsted. For Secretary of State—William C. Mowry, of Norwich. For Treasurer—George W. Dodge, of Windsor. For Comptroller—Benjamin P. Mead, of New Canaan.

FIVE and eighteen one-hundredths inches of rain fell in New York City between 8 o'clock in the morning and 8 o'clock in the evening.

DANIEL MULLANE, seventeen years old, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was shocked to death by seizing two iron railings, charged by defective electric wires.

GEORGE SCHMOUSS was hanged in the Alleghany County (Pennsylvania) Jail. He murdered his wife and two children in Pittsburgh.

OFFICER PETER DILLON, of the Alleghany (Penn.) police force, was instantly killed by catching a live wire.

South and West.

A TERRIBLE tornado passed through Jennings and Mining, in Oklahoma, and blew fifty houses to atoms. A young lady and two children were killed and several people injured.

J. W. STANEGELS, a civil engineer, shot and killed Mrs. Mabel Colvin on the street in Portland, Oregon, and then blew out his own brains.

SENATOR JOHN P. JONES, of Nevada, who recently became a Populist, is asked by the Republican State Central Committee to resign his seat.

THE Sugar Planters' Convention at New Orleans was a large assemblage, and there were present many of the leading planters of Louisiana and some of the representative men of New Orleans. They resolved to go over to the Republican party.

Four train robbers who stopped the Denver and Utah express on the Santa Fe Road were shot at by an armed force. One robber, who slightly wounded the engineer, was himself mortally wounded, and, with a confederate, was subsequently arrested.

THE Democrats of South Carolina met in convention. John Gary Evans was nominated for Governor without opposition. Timmerman for Lieutenant-Governor, Buchanan for Attorney-General and Bates for State Treasurer.

THE Ohio Democratic Convention adopted a resolution calling for free silver, at a ratio of 16 to 1; the friends and foes of Senator Brice fought a drawn battle in the convention.

ALIX trotted a mile in 2:03 3/4 at Galesburg, Ill., lowering the world's record a quarter of a second.

At Montgomery, Ala., Wilson Woodley, colored, was hanged for murder. At Fort Smith, Ark., John Poynter, a murderer, was also executed.

PERRY COOK, a notorious thief, captured near Lincoln, Oklahoma, with several stolen horses in his possession, has been lynched by a committee of farmers.

Washington.

LIEUTENANT WILNER, the naval officer in charge at the Carnegie armor mill during the perpetration of the armor plate frauds, has been superseded by Commander Curtis.

THERE was a general shake-up of nine military posts and all the artillery on Governor's Island, New York, was ordered to David's Island.

SECRETARY GRESHAM received a cablegram from Consul Agent Alfred Cooper, at La Libertad, announcing the death of Consul-General Alexander L. Pollock, at Salvador, from yellow fever. He was from Utah.

SECRETARY CARLISLE demanded the immediate resignation of Jeremiah O'Rourke, of Newark, N. J., Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department.

SINCE the inauguration of the Democratic Administration 1,597,233 silver dollars have been coined under the unrepaid provisions of the Sherman act.

SUPERVISING ARCHITECT O'Rourke's resignation was accepted by the Secretary of the Treasury in a formal note.

SUIT has been begun by sugar growers in Washington to compel Secretary Carlisle to continue bounty payments.

Foreign.

THE strike of the Scotch miners has collapsed. Ten thousand miners descended into the pits and the pickets who had been stationed about the works were withdrawn.

THE Dutch have captured three forts in Lombok, killing many of the natives.

THE Emperor of China has deprived Viceroy Li Hung Chang of his three-eyed peacock feather, and it is reported that the Viceroy has been deposed and has committed suicide.

THE Nicaraguan Government officially denies that there is danger of a revolution in that country, and announces that the plotters have been frustrated and their leaders arrested.

THE roof of a school building in Naples, Italy, collapsed, burying twenty children. Most of them were taken out dead.

ADDITIONAL details of the naval fight at Yalu show it to have been a tremendous triumph for the Japs. The Chinese lost five ships. None of the conquering fleet was destroyed, though two vessels were slightly damaged.

LIFE FLASHED OUT.

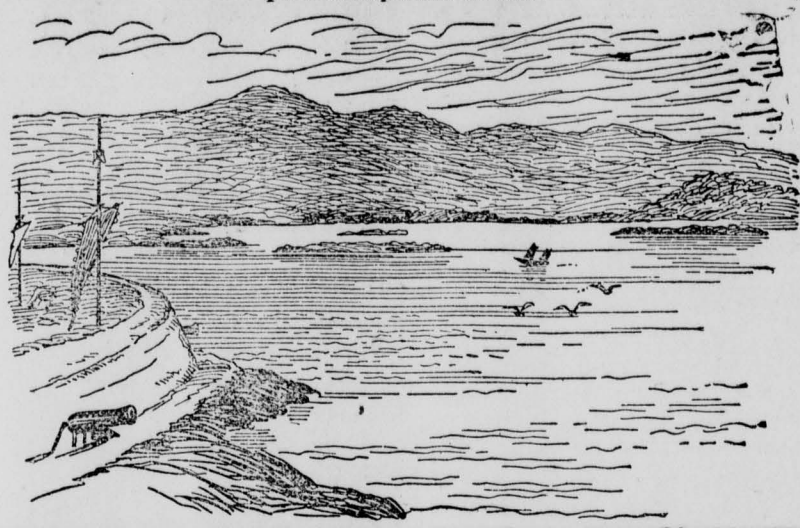
Four Persons Instantly Killed by Thunderbolts.

The residence of Marshall Corry, a prominent farmer living near Owingsville, Ky., was struck by lightning. Corry, his wife, and daughter, aged eighteen, were instantly killed. Several others in the house were injured, but it is thought, not fatally.

At Tuscaloosa, Ala., John Robinson was instantly killed by lightning, and Mack Bibby, his brother-in-law, was struck by the same bolt, and placed in a precarious condition. They were in separate wagons, and the horses were killed.

THE WAR OVER KOREA.

Naval Port of Wei-Hai-Wei, Where a Chinese Fleet is Awaiting a Prospective Japanese Attack.



JAPAN'S GREAT VICTORY.

THE CHINESE ARMY UTTERLY ROUTED IN KOREA.

Sixteen Thousand Men, Including the Flower of the Army, Cut to Pieces—Surprised by a Midnight Attack—The Japs Lost Only Thirty Men.

A dispatch from Seoul, Korea, says a great battle has been fought at Ping Yang between the Chinese and Japanese troops, in which the former were utterly routed. On the day before the battle a Japanese column from Pong-San made a reconnaissance in force, drawing the fire of the Chinese forts, and thus ascertained their positions. The column fell back in good order with little loss.

By the next night all the Japanese were in position for a combined attack upon the enemy. The Gensan column threatened the left flank of the Chinese, the Pong-San column, threatening the Chinese center, while the Hwang-Ju column operated against the right, which had been reinforced the day before by a detachment of marines from the fleet at the mouth of the Taikong River.

The Chinese had utilized the old defenses at Ping-Yang, and had thrown up new works, making the position an exceptionally strong one.

The battle was opened at daybreak by a Japanese cannonade of the Chinese works, which was continued without cessation until the afternoon, the Chinese responding. The work with the heavy guns showed good practice. At about 2 o'clock a body of infantry was thrown forward by the Japanese, and maintained a rifle fire upon the enemy until dusk. Throughout the day only the Pong-San column was engaged.

The Chinese defenses had suffered greatly, but the losses on either side were small, both the Chinese and the Japanese having taken advantage of all the shelter available. The Japanese troops, however, had gained some advanced positions.

The firing continued at intervals during the night and in the meantime two Japanese flanking columns had formed a cordon around the Chinese. At 3 o'clock in the morning an attack was made by the Japanese columns simultaneously and with admirable precision.

The Chinese lines, which were so strong in front, were found to be weak in the rear, and here the attack was a perfect success. The Chinese were completely taken by surprise and were thrown into a panic. Hundreds were cut down and those who escaped death, finding themselves surrounded at every point, broke and fled. Some of Viceroy Li Hung Chang's European drilled troops stood their ground to the eastward and were cut down to a man.

The Pong-San column, swarming over the defenses in front completed the route. Half an hour after the attack was opened the positions of Ping-Yang were in possession of the Japanese.

It is estimated that 20,000 Chinese soldiers were engaged in the battle. The Japanese captured immense stores of provisions, munitions of war and hundreds of colors. The Chinese loss is estimated at 16,000 killed, wounded and taken prisoners. Among those captured by the Japanese are several of the Chinese commanding officers, including General Tso-Fung, Commander-in-Chief of the Manchurian army, who was severely wounded.

The Japanese loss is only thirty killed and 270 wounded, including eleven officers. Most of the casualties among the Japanese occurred during the first day's fighting, and very few were the result of the night attack.

The Japanese forces were in active pursuit of the fugitives, who threw away their arms and readily yielded themselves prisoners.

A desultory war may be carried on for some time to come, but unless China shall succeed in getting another army into the Peninsula, Korea will undoubtedly remain in possession of the Japanese.

Advices from Yokohama say that dispatches from Japanese headquarters at Hiroshima confirm the report of a Japanese victory at Ping Yang.

A dispatch to the Central News from Shanghai says the Chinese are fearfully excited over the news of the defeat and slaughter of the Chinese army at Ping Yang.

THE APPLE CROP.

An Expert's Estimate of the Yield for 1894.

An expert fruit man, who for fifteen years has made inspection trips through New York State, Northern Ohio, Michigan, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Canada, has just returned, and pronounced his opinion concerning the apple crop of 1894.

"The New England States," said he, "will have a good average crop, and the outlook where I have been outside is for a large yield. In no particular section west of the New England States is there a full crop, but every section in the States I visited, which has supplied winter fruit heretofore, will supply quite largely this year. A close inspection shows this to be a season in which the fruit is found well inside the tree. The quality of the fruit is below the average, except in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa. The aggregate supply will be in excess of the fall of 1891, except as it may be changed within the next few weeks by the elements. The crop in the New England States, New York and Michigan is fully equal to that of last year. In some sections apples have been injured by the severe drought, but late rains are bound to help them."

LATER NEWS.

MRS. FURSCH-MADI, the prima donna, died at Warrenville, N. J., from cancer of the stomach.

THE commission revising the judicial system of New Jersey practically completed its labors at Trenton.

At Lexington, Ky., Desha Breckinridge, son of W. C. P. Breckinridge, after a street encounter with Judge Kinkead, his defeated father's political opponent, set upon J. D. Livingston, who had worked for Owens, and stabbed him with a dirk.

SECRETARY HERBERT has placed Professor Harkness, United States Navy, in complete charge of the Naval Observatory.

It is officially announced that Dr. Rafael Nunez, President of the Republic of Colombia, died a few days ago. Rafael Nunez was born at Carthage on September 28, 1825.

THE Empress of Japan has called on the ladies of her court to assist her in preparing hospital supplies for the wounded of both China and Japan in Korea.

ORGANIZED bands of thieves have been operating the principal streets of New York City. Admiral Erben was assaulted, but fought the thieves off. Broker William T. Meredith was robbed and brutally beaten, and many others suffered losses. The police seem to be unable to check the spreading epidemic of lawlessness.

JUDGE A. S. THURSTON, of Elmira, N. Y., was killed by falling down a stairway in Pittsburg.

EX-VICE-PRESIDENT EZETA, of Salvador, and his fellow exiles were not held for extradition at San Francisco, Cal., it being decided that their offenses, if any, were of a political character.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, Oakland, Cal., was partly destroyed by fire; loss, \$200,000.

JOHN FARRELL, sixty-four years of age, of Chicago, Ill., shot and instantly killed his only son, James. James had made a demand for money and, upon being refused, was about to strike the old man, who then fired the fatal shot.

W. C. OWENS was declared officially the Democratic nominee for Congress in the Seventh Kentucky District as against Colonel Breckinridge.

CHIEF HAZEN, of the Secret Service, has received information from the Sub-Treasury at New Orleans of a counterfeit twenty dollar national bank note. It is on the Fourth National Bank of the city of New York, check letter A, L. E. Chittenden, Register; F. E. Spinner, Treasurer; dated March 1, 1864.

THE recent army manoeuvres in Europe show that military ballooning has made such progress that new cannon and new rifles will have to be invented in order to resist the new engines of war.

DEATH IN FLAMES.

Six Lives Lost at a Fire in Washington.

An alarm at noon called the Washington Fire Department to Massachusetts avenue and K street, where fire had been discovered in the mattress factory of Stumph & Brothers. This was soon followed by a general alarm, and in a short time all the engines in the city were at the scene, but so quickly did the flames spread that the employees on the fourth and fifth floors were obliged to fly to the roof and jump for their lives before the trucks arrived. Four men jumped, one of them, James E. Vaughn, sustaining fractures of both legs and fatal internal injuries. The other three escaped with more or less severe injuries, but all will recover.

Scraped and complete was the work of the flames, that in less than half an hour from the time of their discovery the greater part of the four walls had fallen in. At 3 o'clock the work of searching for the bodies of those who were known to have been in the building and not accounted for was begun. So far as could be learned the missing ones were Henry Fowler, Philip Ackerman, Robert Reitzel, William Tennyson, William Asho, a boy, and an engineer, name unknown.

The searchers soon found three bodies, close together, about fifteen feet from the K street entrance, charred beyond hope of recognition. At 5:30 o'clock the searchers found another body within a few feet of the engine on the ground floor.

The fire, besides destroying the Stumph building, consumed the Woodruff building, a factory where all the Government files are made, and the falling walls of these buildings crushed Hall & Cammack's furniture house, filled Benner's marble yard and injured the Homoeopathic Dispensary building, on the Massachusetts avenue side. On the K street side, Offenstain's horseshoeing establishment, an oyster house and a building occupied by a gospel mission and the Horse and Cattle Food Company were demolished. The loss will probably be about \$35,000.

A CHECK for \$3,029,039, the largest ever drawn in Chicago, was given to N. W. Harris & Co. in payment for drainage bonds.

Porcupines Eat Them.

A writer in Forest and Stream thinks that he has solved the conundrum of where all the deer antlers go that are shed every year. He says that while shooting not long ago through the lake region of Ontario, as he and his guide were going into camp one evening, they heard a strange, rasping sound in the bushes close to them. They were a good deal alarmed at first, and proceeded to make an investigation, when they discovered a big porcupine busily engaged in devouring the antlers of a deer which had been killed by the wolves. They watched the animal until he had entirely devoured one antler and made a good start on the other, when they drove him away. The story may be true, but it has a suspicious ring.

Difficult to Translate.

It was the Duchess of Gordon, a clever and beautiful Scotch woman, who successfully dumfounded a pretentious dandy.

He was beside her at a supper party and in order to gain her good graces, affected a liking for the Scottish tongue, declaring there was not a Scotch phrase that he did not understand.

"Rax me a sprawl o' that hubbly-jock," replied the Duchess without changing a muscle of her face.

The exquisite looked appalled and then slunk away in confusion, while the commission was performed by a cavalier hailing from the north of Tweed.

She wanted a turkey wing.—New York Times.

The most valuable of all furs is that of the seal otter, for a single skin of which animal \$1100 has been paid. This seems an extremely large sum to pay for a skin not more than two yards long by three-quarters of a yard wide.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Heavy frosts have done much damage to crops in Nebraska.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials free. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Beautiful Souvenir Spoon Will be sent with every bottle of Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure. Ordered by mail, postpaid, 50 cts. Address, Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle. How MY THROAT HURTS! Why don't you use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar? Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.

The Testimonials

Published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are not purchased, nor are they written up in our office, nor are they from our employees. They are facts from truthful people proving, as surely as anything can be proved by direct, personal, positive evidence, that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Be Sure to get Hood's Cures

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

WELL Drilling Machines for any depth.

100 FEET 500 FEET 1000 FEET DEEP

Best line of Portable and Semi-Portable Machines ever made. Drill 2 to 12 inches in diameter, all depths. Mounted and Down Machines. Steam and Horse Power. Self Pumping Tools for shallow wells. Rope tools for large and deep wells. State size and depth you want to drill. LOOMIS & NYMAN, Tiffin, Ohio.

LINE

REVERSIBLE

The "LINE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear long, and are easy to put on. Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY, 77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

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For the treatment of epilepsy, paralysis, brain and nervous diseases in their various forms. The only paralytic institute in the United States. Consultation free. Patients boarded, nursed and cared for. Office treatment if desired. Institute open daily. Send for circulars.

AGENTS EVERYWHERE Boys, girls and women to sell our goods to housekeepers. Send postal for sample. A. E. Spencer, 792 W. Madison St., Chicago.

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WATSON'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Treats Croup. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

VALUE OF FEED.

Every farmer should make it a point to save every bit of feed possible. It will all be needed this year. The drought in the West has cut short hay, oats and corn over a vast extent of country, and lack of pasture has compelled feeding what should be laid by for winter. The lack of feed will cause an early rush of poor, half-fatted and inferior stock to market. Those who have the feed will do well to keep their stock till this rush is over. Good, well-fed stock ought to bring remunerative prices later on.—New York World.

CLIMBING ASPARAGUS.

There is probably no decorative plant grown that has so rapidly gained in public favor as this lovely tropical vine. Being a native of warm climates it makes little growth in cold weather but will endure slight frost without injury. In a warm temperature, however, it grows rapidly, climbing up the strings stretched for its support to a height of 20 feet in a few months and will bear cutting two or three times a year.

Its use is chiefly for decorations at parties and weddings, and for this purpose it has the great advantage that it will keep fresh when cut for several days if the stems are kept in water.

For a pot plant for window decoration the asparagus is one of the most attractive of all ornamental climbers, its graceful and delicate foliage being remarkably beautiful, and its growth is always healthy and free from the many insect pests which often infest window plants. There are two varieties grown, the asparagus Plumoses, and A. Tenaissimus; the former is altogether preferable.—Boston Cultivator.

SUCCESS IN MILKING.

The little Scotch girl's answer to her mother's inquiry why there was so great a difference in the milk yield of the lone cow they kept has a world of meaning in it. Her brothers Jamie and Sandy did the milking. Sandy was loud spoken and passionate, while Jamie was reserved and quiet. "Mither," said the little one, "when it's Sandy's turn to milk he just bangs the cow wi' his pail and says: 'Heoist, you brute, out of that,' but when Jamie's milking he speaks coaxing and fondles the old cow like if she were a lass, and he always gets the bigger measure." All the philosophy of milking is presented here. The wide dissimilarity between milkers is also instanced. The law of kindness is the one that finds greatest response in man's intercourse with the animal creation. Gentleness is all powerful in that domain, while brutish force is practically impotent. The primary requirement of every dairy should be the fullest recognition of the fact that gentleness is of the highest value in the care and management of cows. On the principle that like begets like the gentlemen will permeate his surroundings with his mild rule, while the boisterous one will envelope himself in an uproar. Gentleness with dairy cows carries with it a feature of profit that is wanting where roughness prevails. Dairymen of the Sandy stripe are the unsuccessful ones, while the Jamie sort are those that prosper. The latter realize that gentleness lends a giant's strength to him that possesses it, and to use it judiciously benefits the possessor.—American Dairyman.

SADDLE AND ROAD HORSES.

The roadster, or high-grade saddle horse, is along with Hackney, among the most profitable to breed and grow, and that there is an active demand for them among a wealthy class of citizens in all the great cities of the United States. The equestrian art is taught in special schools organized to teach how to safely ride with grace and ease. Graduates from these institutions are everywhere seen on the boulevards and in the parks of Chicago, New York, Philadelphia and other metropolitan cities. Horseback riding is a healthful recreation and is highly recommended by the medical profession and is a luxury indulged in by all whose means will permit the gratification. Any grade of horses that classes as one of the luxuries of wealth, like the trotter, ideal road horse,

hackney and carriage horse is certain to continue a staple article, and the business of breeding and conditioning them for market must prove a profitable industry. While it is true that the price of fine saddle horses has declined in sympathy with all other grades of horses the best specimens still command from \$300 to \$500. Kentucky and Missouri are the leading states in breeding saddle horses, although many fine specimens come from Tennessee. The breeding is a combination of thoroughbred trotting and pacing blood, the most popular strains being Denmark, Black Squirrel, and Montrose, all noted prize winners and great sires of saddle performers. An educated saddle horse is one who goes the saddle gait—gallop, fox trot, amble, pace and march, or what is classified as the park gait, which is a measured, commanding walk. To all the gait must be united a fine individual to comprise the ideal high-priced saddle horse. To break and educate the saddler to all the standard paces is necessary to reach the top prices. Some saddle horses are also broken to harness, and then grade as combination horses, although the highest grades are broken and used exclusively for pedestrian purposes. This branch of the live-stock interests of the country could profitably be enlarged, as all the finer specimens not needed for home consumption find quick sale for exportation.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Poor pasture and too much exercise cut down the profits.

Always keep salt where the cows can have easy access to it.

What farm stock is worth keeping is well worth keeping well.

Many farmers, in feeding, waste what, if saved, would make a good profit.

Keep the stock out of low, damp pastures, at night especially, during the fall.

When buying a horse for work on the farm make this a point—that it is a good walker.

In breeding, the individual merit of the sire should be taken into account as well as a long pedigree.

The greater the variety of grasses in the pasture the better for the thrift of the stock that feeds there.

Give a colt plenty of opportunity to exercise and he will grow faster and make a better horse when matured.

If all farmers cannot have registered stock they can improve what they have by good breeding and good care.

Generally a good looking horse will sell well, but with speed, in addition to good looks he will be more valuable.

Better supply the home market fully when eggs are cheap, and let high priced meat find a market elsewhere.

Much of success attained in business life is secured by being posted. Moral: Read your agricultural paper thoroughly.

If you have been buying beef at twelve cents a pound and selling eggs at six cents a dozen you have been losing money.

The Massachusetts Experiment Station found that feeding skim milk to calves and hogs was equivalent to selling the milk at thirty-five cents a hundred.

The beneficial effects of a clover sod are not limited to the nitrogen it contains, as the mechanical effect in loosening the soil is an important item.

Do not let up on furnishing "greens" for the poultry now that the dry weather seems to have come to a settled fact. And see that the fowls have plenty of water.

In many flocks moulting will soon begin. A little extra meat or a little oilmeal mixed in the daily ration will not be a bad thing to give the fowls. The sooner the moulting is over the better will the flock go into winter.

What is the relation of butter fat to cheese? Professor Babcock, of Wisconsin found that milk averaging 3.16 per cent of fat made 2.86 pounds of cheese; milk averaging 3.60 per cent of fat made 2.60 pounds of cheese, and milk averaging 4.53 per cent of fat made 2.39 pounds of cheese.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The flattening of the poles of Jupiter can be seen through the telescope.

Decapitate a snail and put the body in a cool, moist place and a new head grows.

White clothing is cool because it reflects the heat of the sun; black clothing is warm because it absorbs both heat and light.

Iron bedsteads are safe during a thunderstorm because, being good conductors, they keep the electricity from the body.

Sea shells murmur because the vibrations of the air, not otherwise observable, are collected in the shell and by its shape are brought to a focus.

The voice can be heard to a greater distance through a speaking tube than through the air because the sound is confined to the air within the tube and the tube itself is a good conductor.

People wink because the eye must be kept clean and moist, and by the action of the eyelids the fluid secreted by the glands of the eyes is spread equally over the surface of the globe.

Sounds can be heard over water to much greater distance than on land, because the smooth surface of the water offers less impediment to the passage of the air vibrations. On calm days the booming of artillery at sea has been heard for 250 miles.

A wound made by the tooth of the cobra species of serpent is a mere puncture and causes little swelling. The person bitten is killed by paralysis of the nerve centres. The danger of the rattlesnake bite, on the other hand, is from mortification of the injured part, which may proceed so far that the flesh actually putrefies.

In regard to the mammoth remains of Canada and Alaska, Dr. G. M. Dawson notes that in the northwestern part of the continent they are abundant in, if not confined to, the limits of a great unglaciated area there, comprising nearly all Alaska and part of the adjacent Yukon district of Canada. No mastodon bones have been reported from this region.

The toad is a higher animal than the frog, because it gives birth to little air-breathing toads, whereas the frog lays eggs that produce fish-like tadpoles. But the frog is in certain respects the most wonderful creature in the world. Think of a vegetable-eating fish with gills that turns into an air-breathing land animal, developing teeth and becoming a carnivorous-quadruped. That is the life history of the frog.

A Royal Infant's Cradle.

The cradle in which the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of York responds is a gift from the Queen, and bears an inscription to the effect that it was made in 1840 for the Princess Royal, was used for all her majesty's children, and was given by the Queen to the Duchess of York in 1894. The Queen commissioned the firm of Edmunds & Orr, Wigmore street, to fit it up with pure white satin and Honiton lace, and as the bassinette is itself in white wood, there is no color about it. The Queen has also given a second cradle to the Duchess, made of mahogany, inlaid with fine gilding. This is fitted up with brocade in delicately pale tones of color. The bedding provided for both cradles is of the softest and lightest description. The sheets are of Irish lawn, bordered with Valenciennes lace, and the blankets are of Pyrenean wool, very white, and weighing very little, the texture more nearly resembling eiderdown than flannel. Two small eiderdown quilts have been provided for the baby's use, one white and one pale pink.—London News.

Chance to Use His Strength.

"Yes, father," said the young graduate, freshly returned from college, "I am a trained athlete now and mean to take part in a number of contests in the East. I'm strong enough to lift almost anything."

"Well, then," said the old man, grimly, "I guess you kin just stay at home and help lift the mortgage off the farm."—Chicago Record.

In 1684 nearly all the birds of Europe were killed by the cold. Wolves entered Vienna and other large cities, and, driven by hunger, attacked the people in the streets.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

China as a Great Power.

The greatest homogeneous nation the world has ever known is now at war, for no other nation known to history could boast of the 420,000,000 inhabitants that Chinese statisticians allot to their country. Now that the problem is worked out before our eyes we see that three-fourths of this population is worthless for the present war. It is quite probable that all the forces used will be drawn from the two or three seacoast provinces. A general draft from the whole country would bring together men of more dialects than the building of Babel brought on us.

The striking disparity of about eleven to one in population between China and Japan is not the controlling factor. Still, the northern sea coast provinces of China are quite populous enough to sustain a war with Japan on equal terms. The Imperial Government is rich enough to enlist a swarm of European officers, arm its troops with the best weapons and obtain supplies from foreign makers. During the last five or six years the Chinese have been going through one of their periodical fits of egotism, economy and dislike of the foreigner, and have discharged as many of their foreign servants as they could spare. All that will now be changed, and a ready welcome will be given to the adventurous spirits of all countries.—New York Advertiser.

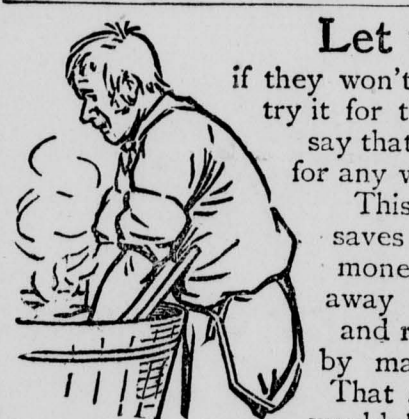
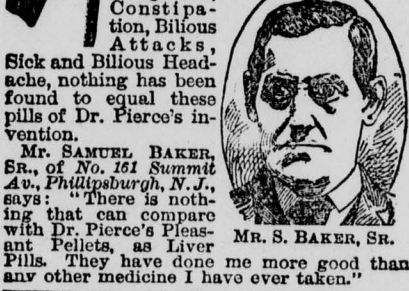
The National Library.

The annual report of National Librarian Ainsworth R. Spofford reveals the fact that the Congressional Library now numbers 695,880 volumes and 223,000 pamphlets. This is the oak that has grown from the little acorn of Thomas Jefferson's Monticello library of 7000 books, purchased after the Washington fire of 1814. A disastrous conflagration in 1851 also reduced the library from 55,000 to 20,000 volumes. Aside from a small yearly congressional appropriation and the copyright income the only aid received in all these years has been the gift in 1882 of the 27,000 books, together with as many pamphlets, of Dr. Joseph M. Toner, of Washington. This public-spirited example might have been emulated by other donors had it not been for the restrictions in the use of the Congressional Library.

A million volumes and pamphlets will require moving into the new Library Building two years hence and this vast labor is to be performed by the means of a temporary railroad in a tunnel, to be constructed from the crypt of the capitol to the vaults of the new library. This will be the most remarkable transfer of books since a regiment of soldiers marched and counter-marched with the multitudinous tomes of the Library of Berlin.—Philadelphia Record.

THE OLD-FASHIONED STYLE

of pill gives you a feeling of horror when you see it and when you feel it. Like the "blunderbuss" of a former decade, it is big and clumsy, but not effective. In this century of enlightenment, you have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which cure all liver troubles in the most effective way. For Indigestion, Constipation, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headache, nothing has been found to equal these pills of Dr. Pierce's invention. Mr. SAMUEL BAKER, Sr., of No. 121 Summit St., Philadelphia, N. J., says: "There is nothing that can compare with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, as Liver Pills. They have done me more good than any other medicine I have ever taken."



Let the men wash, if they won't get you Pearline. Let them try it for themselves, and see if they don't say that washing with soap is too hard for any woman.

This hard work that Pearline saves isn't the whole matter; it saves money, too—money that's thrown away in clothes needlessly worn out and rubbed to pieces when you wash by main strength in the old way. That appeals—where is the man who wouldn't want to have the washing made easier—when he can save money by it?

Beware of imitations. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

"Don't Hide Your Light Under a Bushel." That's Just Why we Talk About

SAPOLIO

Keelpe for Inducing Sleep.

Sleeplessness in people who work hard, and especially in brain-workers, is often due to their working up to the last minute before bed-time. They may cure themselves by allowing at least an hour's interval of ease and repose, between sleep and ceasing to work. A little light supper will often aid sleep; and a walk in the open air before bed is also a good recipe for inducing sleep and promoting health.—New York Dispatch.

The Aberdeen Angus cattle will thrive on almost anything. They will grow fat where the shorthorn will starve.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

N Y N U - 39

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IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.
\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH ENAMELED CALF.
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Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

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The Mapleton Item

I. N. SWOPE. - - Editor & Proprietor.

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ONE YEAR.....\$1.00
SIX MONTHS......50
THREE MONTHS......25

Entered at the Post Office at Mapleton Depot, Pa. as second-class matter.

TROUGH CREEK.

Barton Greenland and daughter, Laura, are away attending the annual meetings of old school Baptist. Richard Chilcott and W. T. Chilcott are on the same mission.

It does not matter where Judge Furst puts the official reports nor how much white wash is used by grand juries, so long as prisoners like Elwood, the post office robber, are unhobbled and allowed to walk out of the jail unmolested, people will think there is something wrong somewhere.

The funeral of Peter Bowman on Sunday was considered the largest that had ever been in the valley. It was fitting that Rev. Orner should conduct the services, as he had lain sick for five weeks in Mr. Bowman's house, a part of which time he was very near death's door and having had the tender care of Mr. Bowman, he could speak as no other one could.

T. J. Wright had four sheep killed last Friday and a lot missing that are likely killed. We thought a year ago that the sheep dogs were about all disposed of, but as long as dogs are kept some will be killing sheep; so, we say, exterminate them. A stray sheep got in with A. W. Wright's flock. From the way it came it was likely chased by dogs on Sidling Hill.

In 1845 Abram Wright, deceased, built the stone house that stands opposite the brick house now occupied by J. C. Wright. The mason work was done by the perch which caused the masons to be choicy in regard to the stone, hence a large amount was refused. At that time there was a very steep little hill in the public road at that place. Mr. Wright improved the grade very much by putting the large stones that were left in the bottom and then breaking the top ones fine and covering the whole with gravel so that for years it was a pleasure to drive over it, but the many wheels and horses that have passed over it in the 49 years have worn the small stones and gravel into sand and dust and the many rains that have fallen have washed all away except the larger boulders, which are very unsightly and rough to get over.

CALVIN.

Mrs. Henry Bumgardner is on the sick list.

C. W. Steele, who is on the sick list, is not much better at this writing.

Our farmers are cutting corn and buckwheat, both of which is a fare crop.

Our schools will open for the winter term October 1, with an excellent corps of teachers.

A full attendance of W. C. No. 350, P. O. S. of A., is desired at the next regular meeting, Oct. 3.

M. E. church services for next Sabbath: Sunday school, 9 A. M.; preaching service, 10:30 A. M.; Epworth League, 7:30 P. M.

Again the angel of death has entered our valley and removed from our midst our neighbor, Peter Bowman, on September 8. He was stricken with paralysis, which completely paralyzed his right side. He lingered on till God called his spirit on the 23d inst. Mr. Bowman was 54 years old last month. By his death the valley has lost a good and kind neighbor. He was married twice; first to Dorothy Gosnell, daughter of J. R. Gosnell, to which union one daughter was born, which preceded him. He then married Miss Louisa Curfman, daughter of Joseph Curfman, to him two children were born, one of which preceded him. When the war broke out Mr. Bowman enlisted in Co. F, 2nd Regiment P. R. V. C. and served three years and took part in twenty active engagements. He was wounded in the battle of Gettysburg. The funeral took place on Sunday and was the largest one that ever took place in this valley, there being 350 persons in attendance. Services were held at the Baptist church and was conducted by Rev. T. P. Orner, presiding elder of the Greensburg district of the U. B. denomination, who spoke tenderly from the 90th Psalm.

MOUNT UNION.

The recent rains have swollen the Juniata river to almost the proportion of a June flood.

Mrs. F. W. Kieferle, of this place, is lying seriously ill at the home of her parents in Mapleton.

W. I. Stratford sprained his ankle last week while assisting to move a marble block at the marble yard.

The Populist picnic at Woodvale on Friday last was not as largely attended by persons from this place as usual.

Quite a number of people from this place attended the Republican mass meeting at Huntingdon on Monday evening.

Wilson Moorhead, formerly of this place, who is now located in Port Royal, was a visitor in town on Monday last.

The body of the late Benj. Bolinger was taken from this place on Wednesday last to Wells' valley, Fulton county, for interment.

Lewis White's wagon-making shop was broken into on Sunday night last while Mr. White was at Mapleton and a brace and several bits and some chisels were taken.

Jacob Kelley, a brother of Mrs. Joshua Nolan, of this place, was killed by the breaking of a scaffold on which he was working at Pittsburg on Thursday last. The body was brought here on Friday and buried from the residence of Joshua Nolan on Saturday. He was 34 years old.

Mrs. Penina Brown, of this place, died suddenly in Huntingdon on Wednesday last, while on a visit to friends in that place. Mrs. Brown had made her home here with her daughter, Mrs. Maggie Clinger, for many years. Her sudden death was a great surprise to her many friends. She was aged 70 years. The funeral took place on Friday afternoon last at 2 P. M., from the M. E. church, of which she was one of the oldest members.

CASSVILLE.

Regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. on Monday evening at Mrs. Martin Hoffman's.

Miss Anna Clarkson has returned to Brooklyn, where she is engaged in teaching in the Pratt university.

Rev. F. W. Curry, of Mapleton, exchanged pulpits with Rev. D. D. Kauffman on Sabbath last and had large and attentive audiences.

Recent visitors are Dr. Heaton, Saltillo, Mrs. J. B. Dell, Mapleton, Mrs. Metcalf and children, Sunbury, Isaac McClain, Philadelphia.

The funeral service of Peter Bowman, which was held at Baptist church, was in charge of Rev. T. P. Orner and was attended by a large number of people from all parts of the valley. Mr. Bowman was 54 years of age, leaves a wife and one son to mourn his loss.

Court Proceedings--Second Week.

At the opening of court on Monday afternoon the following petitions were presented and motions made:

James M. Africa was appointed guardian of the minor children of Eliza Long, deceased.

Order to sell the real estate of Christiana Greenland, late of Clay township. The sale as made to Catharine Baker was confirmed nisi.

James T. Foster was appointed guardian of the minor children of Margaret J. Stewart, late of Jackson township.

D. H. Fisher, administrator of John Harker, late of Hopewell township, reported the sale of decedent's land at \$215 and the court confirmed his report.

George Gates and Thomas Jackson were appointed appraisers to set aside \$300 worth of the personal property of the late John M. Platt to his widow.

The return to the order of sale in the assigned estate of Henry Davis, jr., of West township, was read and confirmed nisi.

W. L. Pascoe, assignee of Wilson J. Ebbs, of Warriorsmark township, was granted an order to sell real estate for the payment of debts.

In the matter of the petition to lay out a road in Springfield township, leading from the farm of L. A. Green to a point leading from Meadow Gap to Three Springs, W. H. Booth, John Shore and Scott Rutter were appointed viewers.

In the matter of the petition of the citizens of Cromwell township to lay out a new road and vacate part of the old road, Henry Beers, James Smith and

David Grove were appointed viewers.

R. A. Orbison, Esq., was appointed auditor to distribute the fund in the hands of the Penn'a. Co., for insurance on lives, etc., trustee of Maria Fry, deceased.

Jas. S. Woods, esq., was appointed auditor to distribute the fund in the hands of D. Locke, trustee to sell the real estate of Benjamin Sollers, late of Springfield township.

A rule was granted to show cause why the administrator of Christian Gearheart, late of Barre township, should not pay principal of widow's dower to the heirs with interest.

The report of L. S. Geissinger, esq., auditor to distribute the balance in the hands of Geo. Cresswell, executor of Geo. B. Porter, deceased, was read and confirmed nisi.

Samuel Rohrer was appointed constable of Petersburg, vice Charles Simpson, resigned.

H. B. Dunn, esq., was appointed commissioner to take testimony in the divorce proceedings of Geo. Henry, vs. Anna Henry.

L. E. Atkinson, John M. Bailey and H. C. Madden, esqs., representing Dr. Brown, of Concord, who was convicted for using instruments with the intent of committing an abortion, argued the motion for a new trial but the court refused it.

The first case tried in the civil list for the second week of court was that of H. J. Harris, M. M. McNeil and F. Rosenberg, lately doing business as McNeil, Harris & Co. This case was one of the series of litigation which has grown out of the dealings of these parties in the lumber business, and which seem to have been too much involved even for the parties themselves to understand them, much less any body else.

The trial resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff for \$960.40 subject to the opinion of the court upon a point of law reserved.

Second cause the case of Julia Dell vs. the Phillips Glass Company of Mapleton to recover for the death of her husband, Archie Dell, who was killed at the station at Mapleton on the evening of October 27, 1892, being struck by a car loaded with sand which had escaped from the siding of the defendant company, owing, as the plaintiff claimed, to the negligent manner in which it had been secured on a down grade. Defendant offered no evidence but claimed that as a matter of law they were not liable in damages for an accident which occurred at a place and to a person over whom they had no control.

Verdict for plaintiff \$2654.

On the afternoon of the 4th of June, 1889, Clayton Stoner, of Mifflin, was one of the carpenters employed by the P. R. R. company to repair the damage done by the flood to No. 7 bridge. From there they were conveyed on that afternoon in a work train to Vandevander's bridge, Stoner among others taking his position upon the top of the boarding car. Just before the arrival of the train at Petersburg tower, a collision occurred with a work train run by Andrew Leonard, whose crew were engaged in repairing the washout at the Huntingdon dam. Seeing that collision was inevitable, as the two engines approached each other on the same track, Stoner endeavored to get off, but was caught between the bumpers and so badly crushed around the hips as to require his removal and retention for a number of weeks in the Altoona hospital, the accident leaving him with a rupture and weakness which permanently unfit him for earning a living. For five years the company allowed him to draw his monthly salary of \$50, the same as though actively engaged in work. Then the payments ceased, and he brought suit, which the company defended on the ground that the plaintiff's contributory negligence was a factor in the accident, and also that his being a fellow employee with the train me precluded a recovery.

The verdict in the case of S. Clayton Stoner vs. the Pennsylvania Railroad company, was for the defendant by the instruction of the Court.

In the case of Adriance, Platt & Co., vs. S. L. Stryker, verdict was for plaintiff.

Cure for Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only 50 cts. at B. O'Connor & Sons, Mapleton & Mill Creek.

WANTED Energetic men to sell our choice and complete line of Nursery stock and seed potatoes. Highest salary and commission paid weekly, paying and permanent position guaranteed and success assured to good men. Special inducements to beginners, experience not necessary. Exclusive territory and your own choice of same given. Do not delay.

ALLEN NURSERY CO., Growers and Propagators, Rochester, N.Y.

FIRE - SALE.

The Largest

"FIRE STOCK" ever offered in Huntingdon will be opened up on Saturday, Sept. 3rd, in the room formerly occupied by Wm. Reed, opera house block. While the fire damaged SOME of my goods a large part of it was NOT damaged in the least, some not even smoked—especially those in boxes, but we propose to

Close Out Our Entire Stock

before we start in the new again, and in order to do that the goods must go at a sacrifice, damaged or not damaged. Now is your time to lay by a supply of Shoes, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Shirts, Hats, Oil Cloths, Suspenders, Shirts, Lamps, Vases, Tinware, Brushes, Corsets, Laces, Embroideries, Mitts, Ribbons, Velvets, Silks, Jewelry, &c., &c.

Lynn's Novelty Store,
HUNTINGDON, PA.

Don't Fail to Go and See
The Greatest Wonder of the Nineteenth Century,
—THE GREAT—

BROOKLYN BRIDGE,

exhibition in the Show Windows at the store of

THOS. S. JOHNSTON, Agt.,
7th and Washington Sts.

The Bridge—

is built out of 9,763 cakes of Toilet Soap, and is the finest display ever attempted in Central Pennsylvania, manufactured by the Cincinnati Soap Co., and is of excellent quality, having the same ingredients as the finest 15 and 25-cent Soaps, and for the purpose of thoroughly introducing it we offer it for a limited time only,

2 Cakes for 5 Cents.

After you have admired the Grand Display, don't forget the attractions inside the store. An opportunity seldom offered to grasp the unprecedented Bargains now being offered in

Seasonable Dress Goods,
White Goods, Laces, Corsets,
Embroideries, Hosiery, &c.
SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

An immense stock, of excellent quality and correct styles, at prices to suit everybody.

50 doz Men's Working Shirts worth 50 cts. }
25 " " Over Shirts " 50 " } for 39 cents each.
38 " " Overalls " 50 " }
23 " " Working Pants for 99 cents per pair.
Men's Cotton Socks, 3, 4 and 5 pairs for 25 cents.
3,700 yards dark and light Challies at 4 cents per yard.
4,300 yards Shirting Prints, at 4 " " "
2,900 yards best Apron Gingham, at 5 " " "
3,700 yards Navy Blue Calicoes at 5 " " "

Our yard-wide Bleached Muslin at 6 cents and Unbleached at 5 cents per yard, are impressive.

Table Linens, Draperies, Chenille Curtains, Portieres, Table Covers, White Counterpanes, &c., at prices that will be a surprise.

Our Motto: We Strive to Please. Quick Sales and Small Profits for Cash or Produce.

GRAIN, SEEDS and PRODUCE of all kinds taken in exchange for goods.

Respectfully Yours,

NEW GOODS
ARRIVING DAILY. | **Thos. S. Johnston, Agt.,**
HUNTINGDON, PA.

HUNTINGDON PLANING MILL,
FRITCHEY BROS., Proprietors.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

Sash, Doors, Shutters, Blinds, Frames, Flooring,
SIDING, SAWED AND TURNED BALUSTERS, MOULDING,
Porticos, Hardwood Finish, Scroll and Turned Work, and dealers in Bill
and Frame Lumber, Southern Yellow Pine and Yellow Poplar,
Western White Pine, Shingles, Lath, Pickets, Fencing,
etc., in fact everything pertaining to a first-
class Mill and Lumber Yard.

LOCAL NOTES.

—Summer is ended.
—Autumn begun on Saturday.
—Length of day and night now equal.
—The heavy rains have spoiled bass-fishing.
—Bedford Springs closed for the season last week.
—Charles Crawford yesterday moved from Mapleton to McVeytown.
—Allison Heeter spent Sunday and Monday with his children in Tyrone and Altoona.
—Rev. D. H. Campbell will preach in the Presbyterian church next Sunday morning.
—W. T. Decker, of Henderson township, was among the Sunday visitors to Mapleton.
—Peter Curry, of Altoona, spent a portion of last week with daughters and friends in Mapleton.
—The Bedford county Agricultural Fair will be held on September 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th.
—R. C. Yocum last week purchased the Jacob Turnbaugh lot adjoining his residence on Grant street.
—The rumor that Judge A. O. Furst intends resigning before the expiration of his term seems to be growing.
—Leaves have their time to fall, and flowers to wither at the north wind's breath, and the time is near at hand.
—H. H. Lamberson and wife, of Trough Creek, are spending a few days with relatives and friends in Mapleton.
—W. H. Miller and family, of Tyrone, spent a couple days of the past week with Mrs. Miller's father in Mapleton.
—The division freight agent of the Pennsylvania railroad passed west over the middle division yesterday in a special train.
—Mattie, a little daughter of L. D. Himes, has been quite ill for several days, but at this writing her condition is improving.
—FOR SALE.—A Stevens rifle, 32 calibre. In excellent condition. Will be sold cheap. For further information call on S. B. Neice.
—The *Coming Era* is the name of a new Huntingdon county paper. It is published at Orbisonia and is an organ of the populists.
—George W. McCarl who has been residing in Kansas for a number of years returned to Mapleton recently and contemplates remaining in the east.
—The Marshall furnace at Newport, Perry county, which has been run almost constantly for the past thirty years, has closed down for an indefinite period.
—Sheriff Oaks and John Steel last Wednesday removed Dr. S. M. Brown and Samuel Rodgers, sentenced at the recent term of court, to the Western penitentiary.
—Matthew Simpson, son of Rev. S. D. Wilson, of Austin, Pa., died on the 14th inst. Rev. Wilson's many friends in this vicinity sympathize with his family in their affliction.
—M. E. church services for next Sunday: Sunday school, 9 A. M.; class service, 10.15 A. M.; Junior League, 3.30 P. M.; Senior League, 6.30, P. M.; preaching service, 7.30 P. M.
—Samuel Hatfield and wife attended the reunion of Alexandrians at Alexandria last Thursday. They report the reunion largely attended and the occasion a very pleasant one.
—Miss Mattie Banks, a very estimable young lady of Ryde, who has been living much of the time during the past year in Mapleton, by reason of ill health has been obliged to return home.
—A new line of Watches and Jewelry just received and will be sold at extremely low prices by the Mount Union jeweler. J. H. CUNNINGHAM, Agt., Water Street, Mount Union, Pa.
—Engine No. 75, which was so badly damaged in the wreck at this place on the night of the 8th inst., has been overhauled at the Altoona shops and will be out on the road again this week.
—Repair work done by the Mount Union Jeweler is guaranteed to give satisfaction. J. H. CUNNINGHAM, Agt., Water Street, Mount Union, Pa.

—Rev. J. B. Polsgrove, of Lewistown, was last week appointed to the presiding eldership of the Juniata district, Central Pennsylvania M. E. conference, vice Rev. J. Max Lantz, D. D., deceased.
—Rev. T. P. Orner, of Greensburg, spent a portion of Sunday and Monday among friends in this vicinity, having been called hither to officiate at the funeral of Peter Bowman, of Trough Creek valley.
—The second national bank of Altoona, which was closed on account of Cashier Gardner's embezzlement of the funds, reopened its doors on Monday. The stockholders have arranged to make good all losses.
—Mrs. A. L. Morgan and children, of Salem, Virginia, arrived in Mapleton last Sunday morning and will spend a couple months among friends in this vicinity. Mrs. Morgan thinks Salem the garden spot of the Union.
—D. M. Cowher on Monday opened a meat market in M. L. Rex's building near the depot. This town has felt the need of a meat market during the past two months and Mr. Cowher will likely receive a liberal patronage.
—FOR RENT.—The store room in Mapleton known as Rex's "old reliable" stand. Best location in the town and an excellent opening for the proper party. For further particulars call on or address, W. H. Rex, Mapleton Depot, Pa.
—All persons in this borough wishing to get the benefit of the five per cent. discount on borough, school and special taxes must pay the same this week, as the sixty days in which discount is allowed for prompt payment expire on Sunday.
—The twenty-seventh state convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of Pennsylvania will be held in the city of Johnstown, October 18-21. A program, consisting of interesting topics, will be presented and a good time is anticipated.
—Mrs. H. W. McDonald and son spent a portion of Sunday and Monday among friends in Mapleton on her way from Altoona to Huntingdon, West Virginia, whither they are moving. The ITEM hopes they will find their new home pleasant and profitable.
—R. C. Yocum has put up a street lamp in front of his residence on Grant street. The ITEM hopes that he will remember that the province of a lamp is to show light and not do as others who have purchased street lamps—light it for a few nights and store it away.
—The New York Central Railroad company closed a contract with the Beech Creek coal companies a few days ago for 1,100,000 tons of coal. It will take 44,000 cars of 25 tons capacity each—1,100 trains of 40 cars each—to make the transfer from Clearfield county to the Central yards.
—As announced in the ITEM last week the railroad men's Christian association of Huntingdon conducted a service in the U. B. church at this place last Sunday morning. The meeting was largely attended and great interest was manifested. Many of our people would be glad to have them pay this town another visit.
—During the races at Terre Haute, Indiana, on Friday last, Robert J. the horse which surprised the world a few days ago by pacing a mile in the unprecedented time of 2.02½, beat his own record by pacing a mile without a break in 2.01½. This places the phenomenal pacer at the head of the list as the fastest in the world.
—Farmers will soon begin to miss the reciprocity treaties. In 1893 Cuba bought from us \$10,000,000 worth of provisions and breadstuffs alone, these goods being admitted free of duty into Cuba from the United States. But now that we are taxing Cuban sugar, they will tax our farm products, buy more from other countries and less from us.
—A dispatch from Johnstown states that after spending \$1,000 in lawyers' fees to find out that they could not recover damages from the South Fork Fishing Club for loss to their property by the great flood of May 31, 1889, the organization of Johnstown business men, which was formed for this purpose, has disbanded. The money subscribed to prosecute the club was donated to a hospital, and all proposed suits for damage will be abandoned.

—Wrecks on the sidings in this vicinity seemed common last week. Friday engine No. 1566, hauling Mifflin local, was thrown from the track by a broken rail in the tie yard siding. While engaged in putting it on the track the engine of the wreck crew was twice derailed. Saturday four cars were derailed on the Mapleton Sand company's siding.
—The Presbyterian Synod of Pennsylvania will meet in the First Presbyterian church, Logan avenue and Thirtieth street, Tyrone, Thursday, October 18th. Some three hundred ministers and elders will be present as delegates from the thirty Presbyteries of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, which comprises the Synod, and also a large following.
—A large tree was uprooted and fell across the P. R. R. tracks at Spruce Creek on Monday night of last week. A Tyrone coal train was coming east at that time and ran into the tree, knocking the smoke stack off the engine and demolishing the dome of the cabin car. Conductor Hezekiah Miller was sitting in the dome and was knocked insensible and pretty badly injured. H. L. Mickey, a brakeman, was also injured.
—The Republican conferees of the forty-ninth judicial district continue to hold daily sessions at Tyrone without naming a candidate for president judge. Mr. Love proposed plans for a settlement of the contest and Mr. Lovell acceded to one of them. After the acceptance of Mr. Love's proposition for a seventh conferee he withdrew it. Mr. Lovell proposes that both withdraw and leave the conference to name a candidate. Mr. Love objects to this. The ITEM still hopes that an acceptable nomination may be made. Whatever is done must be done before next Tuesday or there will be a three-cornered judicial fight in this district.
—The Allegheny conference of the U. B. church concluded its labors at Conemaugh last Sunday. As predicted in the columns last week Rev. A. W. Maxwell has been transferred to Phillipsburg and Rev. B. J. Hummel is his successor on this charge. The next issue of the ITEM will contain a report of the conference proceedings. Rev. Maxwell's pastorate here has been very successful. A new brick church edifice, than which there is none finer in this section of the state, has been built and paid for, and the membership of the church has been largely increased. Very general regret is expressed because of his removal but his successor will be cordially welcomed.
—The Epworth League.
On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 16, 17 and 18, there will be held in Altoona a conference of the delegates representing the Central Pennsylvania conference of the Epworth League. The meetings will be held in the Chestnut Avenue Methodist Episcopal church. The Tuesday evening meeting will be held there and the overflow will be taken care of by the First church. On Wednesday business sessions will be held and on the evening of that day meetings will be held in the Chestnut Avenue First church and Eighth Avenue church. Delegates to the number of 500 or 600 are expected to be in attendance and there will also be eminent talkers present. Among these latter will be Rev. Dr. Dimmick, of Grace church, Harrisburg; Bishop J. M. Thoburn, Bishop W. F. Mallalieu, Drs. W. M. Frysinger, W. W. Evans and E. H. Yocum.
—Hastings in Huntingdon.
Monday night a monster Republican mass meeting was held at Huntingdon. Every section of the county was well represented and the opera house was packed to its utmost capacity with enthusiastic people. Many ladies graced the assembly and they were not the least interested of the audience.
The speakers were Gen. D. H. Hastings, James W. Latta, Thad. M. Mahon, Ex-Governor Beaver and Congressman "Jack" Robinson. The meeting lasted until near eleven o'clock and the addresses were listened to with marked attention. The questions pertaining to good government were discussed dispassionately and the audience expressed its approval of conclusions deduced by frequent applause. Not since the Garfield campaign has this section of the state witnessed such a demonstration.
—Subscribe for the ITEM. \$1 per year.

Pennsylvania State Sabbath School Association.
The thirteenth annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Sabbath School Association will be held in Huntingdon, October 9-11. It promises to be one of the most interesting and important Sabbath School conventions ever held in our state. The Hon. Robert E. Pattison, governor of Pennsylvania, will open the convention with an address, on Tuesday evening, October 9th. The sessions of Wednesday and Thursday will be devoted to the discussion of the best methods for advancing the interests of the Sabbath School work of our State, and to addresses, conferences and normal classes.
A partial list of those who will be our leaders in these exercises will indicate the rich treat in store for the Sabbath School workers who may attend this convention.
Among those who have already promised to be present are Rev. C. J. Kephart, author of several well known Sabbath School helps; the Rev. Rufus W. Miller, Sabbath School secretary of the Reformed church in the United States; the Rev. C. R. Blackall, editor of the Sabbath School periodicals of the Baptist church; the Rev. E. Morris Fergusson, general secretary of the New Jersey Sabbath School Association; Miss Juliet Dimock, of New Jersey, one of the most successful primary class teachers of the day, and the Hon. John Wanamaker, superintendent of the largest Sabbath School in America, who will make two addresses, one of them upon "The Successful Superintendent."
In addition to this long list of leading Sabbath School workers who will attend the Huntingdon convention, all will be glad to know that B. F. Jacobs, esq., chairman of the International Executive Committee and president of the World's Sabbath School convention, has promised to be present during the entire convention, to take such part as may be deemed advisable in addresses, conferences and discussions.
It will be seen that this convention will be one that none of our Sabbath School workers can afford to miss if they wish to keep abreast with the best thought and methods in modern Sabbath School work.
Delegates desiring orders for reduced rates upon the railroads should address Rev. W. R. Laird, 317 West Miner street, West Chester, stating what railroads they will use in coming to Huntingdon, and those desiring entertainment should advise J. R. Simpson, esq., Huntingdon, as early as may be convenient.
A Very Sudden Death.
Mrs. Penina Brown, of Mount Union, aged about 70 years, came to Huntingdon a few days ago to take charge of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Crouse's house during the family's temporary absence. She rose at her usual hour Wednesday morning, breakfasted at 8 o'clock, and while washing the dishes became ill and started for her bedroom. Master Jack Willoughby entered the house at noon and not finding Mrs. Brown down stairs started for the second floor, and there found her lying on the floor face downward. She had been stricken with paralysis before she could reach the bed and lay there four hours before discovered. Medical assistance was summoned but the woman never regained consciousness. She died at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.—Monitor.
A Household Treasure.
D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at B. O'Connor & Sons. Regular size 50c. and \$1.
Notice.
The lease to D. M. Cowher of the Mapleton Steam Flouring Mill having been cancelled, I will take full charge of the business, and all accounts on the books of the mill will be settled by the subscriber. T. M. LOGAN.
Eucklen's Arnica Salve.
The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chibblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by B. O'Connor & Sons.
FIRE INSURANCE.
I can give you Reliable Insurance at nett rates. Don't run the risk of losing your property without protection.
HOUSE, STABLE, FURNITURE.
Insure Your
Special Rates on Farm Property.
L. M. SPEER, Agt.
9-5-94.

Spring Goods

Have now taken the place of Heavier Weights, and as usual, we are up to the times. Our shelves are well stocked with a line of these goods and at prices to suit the times. We are headquarters for Hardware, Fish and Salt. Paints and Oils always on hand. Our stock is complete in every department. Come and see what value you will receive for your money. Thankful for your patronage in the past, and solicitous for the future,
Respectfully,

A. B. Gillam.

A
Happy
New
Year.

Where there is plenty there is generally happiness.
THOSE PEOPLE have the most who get the most for each dollar they spend judiciously.

Your dollar will go farthest at our store. Our stock and assortment are purchased with a view to please our customers. Trade with us.

B. O'CONNOR & SONS

Sometime.

When "sometime" comes then we shall taste the joys for which we long; The shadows will besunbeams then, and every sigh a song. The sweet, deep hopes we cherish and within our breasts entomb Will all come back to life again and fill our hearts with bloom. The dreary waste of desert sand will blossom as the rose, And every brook will babble sweetest music as it flows; Our hungry souls that now exist on just the meagre crumbs Will then sit down to princely feasts of love, when "sometime" comes. When "sometime" comes then all the year will be a glad, sweet June, And all the music of our lives will be in perfect tune. The paths we tread will lead us on through blossom-scented dells Where we shall ever listen to the chime of fairy bells. The thornless roses all the day with dewdrops will be wet, And joy will come untangled in the meshes of regret, And time will flit as gladly as the wild bee when it hums Its drowsy song from honeyed flower to flower when "sometime" comes. When "sometime" comes then all of life will be a dream of truth, And we shall feel again the charms and innocence of youth, And sing the glad sweet songs we sang in those bright summers when We played in careless joy nor knew the weary thoughts of men, And all the friends we held so dear, the ones who loved us so, Will all come back to greet us from the happy long ago; The girls with dolls and dishes and the boys with flags and drums, We'll see them all together once again when "sometime" comes.

—Chicago Journal.

At the Right Moment.

Honor closed the front door behind her, and stood for a moment on the steps fastening a refractory button on her glove. The carriage rolled up to the curb opposite, and she saw a familiar face or two and bowed mechanically. For the temptation to join the group of gossiping women in the drawing-room across the way was strong within her veins, and her face and throat burned like fire as she battled with her emotion.

Tom had always censured that species of bravado which ran riot in her nature, and she smiled as she recognized the symptoms in her present mood. She knew so well all the talk that was going on over the tea cups, behind those drawn curtains! She could hear the idle jest, the light laughter coupled with her name. The men would defend her, and congratulate themselves that Tom was not the lucky fellow they had thought; the women would say they had known all along how the engagement would terminate, and speak the faint praise which damns. While Mary—She could imagine the look of pain on Mary's face.

She remembered in a spasm of retrospection how glad Mary had been when Tom had told her of their engagement.

"My dear," she had said to Honor, "I always believed in you. I know you will make my brother happy."

Well, she supposed she would never talk with Mary again in that cozy upstairs room, with the alcove fitted up studio-like, and its cool chintz hangings and wide, softly cushioned window seats, where she had told Mary between laughter and tears how very happy she was, and what a noble woman she intended to become for Tom's sake.

She wheeled sharply and ran down the stone steps, and began walking briskly in the direction of Thirty-fourth street. She wished with a strange, new impatience that she was miles away from the city. She wished she could be entirely alone for one moment, with nothing but the fields about her. She wanted to think, and on every hand a face looked out from a passing brougham, and a bow and smile were directed toward her.

But from out the chaos of confusion holding sway in her brain, little by little one thought evolved itself phantom-like before her mind's eye—the thought of that cruel paragraph in the society column which she had seen, conned, and learned by heart that morning. She repeated it over to herself as she walked along. "Ambition versus Love," it was headed, and it gave a crisp account of Miss Honor Bright, the charming songstress, whose debut in grand opera

was awaited with so much impatience, and as a result of which it was rumored that the long-standing engagement between the lady and Mr. Thomas Gwynn was set aside.

It was all true, every bit of it, Honor told herself. He had said, "It must be either the stage or me, Honor," and she had replied with a flush of pride, "Then it shall be the stage." It had been a long struggle. She had taken a month in which to decide, but her voice, her beloved possession, her soul, as she called it, gained the victory. It was a matchless voice, with a lilt in it like that of the meadow lark, and yet so powerful and grand and delicately handled. No wonder the girl loved it!

But suddenly as she thought of Tom's face as she had last seen it, and of Mary and of much which recently she had schooled herself into forgetting, her long anticipated triumph, viewed so near at hand, failed to dazzle her. It was like a peach with the bloom rubbed off; the fruit remained as sound as ever, but the first freshness and glow which enticed the eye had departed. Tom's opposition had but given an impetus to her ambition. It was an incentive to lure her on. Now that it was withdrawn, the coveted fruit threatened to prove flat to the taste.

She felt a horrible convulsion tugging at her throat as she mused. Dear old Tom! How kind he had always been to her! How forbearing and gentle and considerate, and how little she had felt the need of any other friend as long as she had him! In comparison, what was the public to her that she should become its plaything? Would it soothe her restless moods as Tom did, or cater to her caprice or excuse her shortcomings?

Honor had drawn a veil over her face, and at this point in her reflections the dots on the dainty trifle began to swim before her tear-blurred vision. She turned up the collar of her jacket, gave the boa at her throat a serious twist, and dropped her soft chin into the fur with a sensation of overwhelming shame. She cringed and shuddered before her new self. In all her short, bright life she had never felt seriously unhappy before.

She saw happy faces all about her, and one or two even looked at her with evident surprise as she ignored their lifted hats with apparently superb unconsciousness. She walked on faster and faster, in a futile effort to avoid the crowd; her head was aching intolerably, and something inside her brain seemed to be thumping like a trip hammer.

New York had never seemed so aggressively on the alert as today. Actually, to see them, one would think Broadway was the Mecca of the universe, as dear to their hearts as the stone which Moslems travel miles to kiss.

There was that Markham girl on the front seat of the Taylor drag. How ridiculously happy she had looked since her engagement to Dick Taylor.

"Ah, well, girls like that were always complacent," Honor said to herself. "It is the shallow stream which is never unruffled."

Tom said there was a standing joke at the club about her. Honor remembered asking him if it was on account of her being a standing joke that she made them all so tired. Tom could bear any amount of levity.

She began to wonder in a dull way if any one would ever accuse her of flippancy again? She felt horribly passe and jaded. No one except Tom had ever understood her, anyway, when she paused to look back upon it. He had been a friend and a brother and a lover all in one.

Honor walked on as if impelled by some invincible force, holding back her tears; while the pain in her throat mounted up to her ears, and she was reminded of the time when, as a child, she held vinegar in her mouth to determine whether she had the mumps. When she had gone a dozen blocks farther the crowd had thinned, and the street lamps were now being lighted.

She turned then, and reluctantly set her face toward home. A square ahead of her a street organ was grinding out the refrain of the familiar "two step" which Tom had taught her.

As long as she lived, she felt sure, whenever she should hear those strains of the "Cadets' March" she

would be reminded of the cozy, hastily snatched half hours at the close of the crowded days when Tom's fair head was but a dim silhouette against the pale light of the window, while his fingers would stumble and halt in the twilight as he thrummed his banjo strings, his melodious humming interspersed with his staccato laughter, and a tender word now and then for the girl beside him.

Honor paused at the corner, and gave the man a piece of money. His "God bless you, miss!" caused the corner of her lips to twitch uncertainly in her struggle for composure.

When she reached her door it was quite dark, and she paused with her hand on the bell, and stood there in a vague way trying to analyze the despair which controlled her. The lights were gleaming from beneath the drawn curtains in the house across the way. As she gazed across with heavy eyes the door was opened, and the colored lights in the hall threw the figure of a man in evening dress into vivid relief.

Honor watched him as he lighted a cigar and threw it away. When the door closed behind him, shutting in the light of the hall, she felt like the peri at the gate of paradise. But a moment later he reappeared beneath the gas light in the street, and she saw him plunge deliberately into the whirlpool of passing vehicles, and dodge this way and that in an effort to gain the sidewalk opposite.

The vestibule where she lingered was narrow, and when she turned at length, she found him close beside her; so close that in another moment her hands were in his, and her blushes were drying the tears on her pretty cheeks.

And across the way the gossips had not yet ceased detailing the shameful affair to the latest comer when Tom brought the girl into their midst. And Mary—the diplomat—staunch Mary only said as she kissed the eager face:

"I am afraid the tea is quite cold, dear. Tom, find Honor a chair."

There are supreme moments in the lives of all of us. But they pass and leave no trace. Perhaps if our better impulses, when in the ascendant, should be met half way as Honor's were, the outcome might be different. Who knows?

But Honor's debut was indefinitely postponed; and the gossips went home from the Gwynnes' drawing room wondering who could have spread the report of the severed engagement which was apparently so entirely devoid of foundation.—Waverley Magazine.

Telephoning Through Sea Water.

The success that has attended the recent attempts in England to establish a system of telephonic communication without wires between ships at a distance from each other, serves to recall the fact that about two years ago an American inventor, Dr. Ernest Huber, secured the assistance of the United States government in the projection of a series of experiments in deep sea telephoning. For some reason the experiments were not made, but the device promised well. The sound waves passing through the water caused metal strips to vibrate, and the vibrations were transmitted by wires to microphones, which greatly intensified them. An indicator showed the intensity of the sound, and gave an idea of the distance of the object causing them. The direction whence the sound came could also be determined. The sounds within the ship were eliminated, and only extraneous noises were recorded. Sound waves could be thrown out in all directions by the ringing of an electric bell, and being reflected indicated icebergs, submerged wrecks or other obstructions even ten miles away.—New Orleans Picayune.

Reluking His Greed.

"I say Wattsey," said a tramp to his partner as the two stood watching the keeper feed the hippopotamus, "don't yer wish yer had a mouf like dat?"

"Bet yer I don't. It's too hard fillin' de one I got."

A Wise Measure.

"Who is President of your club, Jimmie boy?" the boy was asked.

"Oh, we all are," he replied. "That keeps us all good-natured."—Bazar.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

CELERY.

Very few people think of serving celery save in the natural state, but celery should be served in other forms. From the stalks and leaves, which are not desirable for serving raw, a cream of celery soup may be prepared. Any cook book will give directions, though it will not say it may be made from these pieces; but it can, as experience has taught me.

Celery in cream sauce as directed for cabbage, is a dish fit for an epicure. Prepare it in the same way.

Scalloped celery is also very good. Put a layer in a shallow baking dish and cover with cream sauce. Sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs and bake quickly.

TO MAKE SMALL PICKLES.

To make small pickles a cooking school recipe is as follows: Take 100 very small cucumbers, wash and wipe carefully and put in a stone jar with water enough to cover them. Add salt enough to make a brine in which an egg will float. Let them lie in this twenty-four hours, when they are ready to be taken out, wiped and put in clean jars. Take enough vinegar to just cover the cucumbers, add a slice of onion a dozen cloves, an ounce of mustard seed, three blades of mace, and a cupful of grated horseradish. Heat to the steaming point in a granite kettle and pour over the pickles. These should keep crisp and firm all winter.

The caution is added that metal utensils should not be used in making pickles. The spoon used in handling or stirring them should be of wood. To prevent mold horseradish or nasturtiums are used.—New York Times.

RECIPES.

Maple Sugar Pie—Make rich pie crust. Sift over bottom crust a thin layer of dry flower, distribute evenly over that one and one-half coffee-cupful grated maple sugar; over this pour one cupful cream; drop tiny pieces of butter all around the top, sift on another layer of dry flower, put on top crust slit in one or two places. Fold a strip of cloth two inches wide, wet in cold water round edge of crust and plate. Bake in slow oven; remove cloth when done and set to cool; serve cold. It may boil over somewhat in the oven and split the pie slightly, but will be all right when cold.

Southern Rice Bread.—Two cups of white Indian meal, three eggs, a pint and a quarter of milk, one cub of cold boiled rice, one ounce of butter melted, one teaspoonful of salt, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat the eggs without separating the yolks and whites until they are very light, then add them to the milk. Then put them with the meal, salt, butter and rice; beat thoroughly, add the baking powder and mix all well again. Grease three round, shallow pans, turn in the mixture, put quickly in a hot oven and bake for thirty minutes.

Duchesse Biscuits.—Boil half a pint of cold water or milk, two ounces of sugar and one quarter of a pound of butter together and stir in about five ounces of finely-sifted flour; boil together for five minutes; add a little flavoring and one egg (well beaten up). When thoroughly well mixed one or two more eggs may be added, so long as mixture is not too moist. Make the paste into small biscuits and bake on buttered tin until nicely browned. Sprinkle caster sugar over them; open them at the side and put in a little jam or marmalade. This quantity will only make a small dish.

Stuffed Cucumbers.—To prepare cucumbers for stuffing peel them, cut them through the centre, and with a spoon scoop out the seeds, leaving a good firm wall. For every two cucumbers that you take use the following quantities for filling: One-half cupful stale bread crumbs, one tomato skinned and chopped, one-half teaspoonful of onion sauce. Leave out of the tomato any unripe or tough part; or, if it is very watery, part of the liquid. Mix the filling with a teaspoonful of melted butter, add one-half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Fill the cucumbers and put them in a baking dish containing a tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of water. Cover and bake forty minutes.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 30.

Review: Lesson of the Third Quarter—Golden Text: Mark i., 15—Com-mentary.

LESSON I.—The Birth of Jesus (Luke ii., 1-16). Golden Text, Luke ii., 11. "Unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." The greatest event that ever occurred in this world up to that time—the incarnation of God, the Creator of all things—came to pass when the fullness of the time had come (Gal. iv., 4). There is an appointed time for every event, and God in all things is never too soon nor too late. The great things of God are nothing to the world lying in the wicked one, and so the great event is made known not to the mighty ones of earth either in church or state, but to the humble shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem (I Cor. i., 26-29).

LESSON II.—The Presentation in the Temple (Luke ii., 25-38). Golden Text, Luke ii., 32, "A light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of thy people, Israel." It is to the Simeons and Annas that the Lord reveals Himself, while He passes by the great and wise of this world. He looks to the poor and contrite spirits who tremble at His word, who love and wait for His salvation and are separate from this present evil world. Not to the righteous Lots who live in Sodom, but to the Abrahams who live at Hebron in fellowship with God, does He reveal Himself and His ways.

LESSON III.—The Visit of the Wise Men (Math. ii., 1-12). Golden Text, Math. ii., 11. "They saw the young child with Mary, His mother, and fell down and worshipped Him." These wise men are another illustration of the unknown on earth, but well known in heaven, to whom the Lord reveals His secrets. They were wise in the things eternal.

LESSON IV.—The Flight Into Egypt (Math. ii., 13-23). Golden Text, Ps. cxli., 8, "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in." The three dreams of this lesson, in which God revealed His will to Joseph, along with the fourth in verse 20, suggests the many dreams of Scripture in connection with Job xxxiii., 14-17. The command, "Be thou there till I bring thee word" (verse 13), makes us think of the wilderness life, when every movement of Israel was directed by the pillar of cloud (Num. ix., 15-23). The wondrous fulfilling of Hos. xi., 1 (see verse 15) shows how literally and fully we may expect all prophecy to be fulfilled.

LESSON V.—The Youth of Jesus (Luke ii., 40-52). Golden Text, Luke ii., 52, "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." The leading thoughts in this lesson seem to be His knowledge of who He was and what He came for, even at the age of twelve years, when He said, "I must be about my Father's business."

LESSON VI.—The Baptism of Jesus (Mark i., 1-11). Golden Text, Mark i., 11, "Thou art My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." We have here the herald foretold by Isaiah and Malachi, who was content to be heard and not seen, only a voice crying in the wilderness—glad to cry, "Behold the Lamb of God," and to see his own followers forsake him to follow Jesus. Then we have the opened heaven and the Spirit descending upon Jesus as a dove and abiding on Him.

LESSON VII.—The Temptation of Jesus (Math. iv., 1-11). Golden Text, Heb. iv., 15, "In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." While absolutely perfect in Himself, yet as our High Priest and Saviour He is made perfect through suffering (Heb. ii., 10). I have often been glad that in this conflict with the devil Jesus did not conquer him in any miraculous way, but simply by the use of the same sword (Eph. vi., 17) which He has left to us and taught us how to use. Let us cling to it like the man in II Sam. xxiii., 10.

LESSON VIII.—The First Disciples of Jesus (John i., 35-49). Golden Text, John i., 41, "We have found the Messiah, which is being interpreted, the Christ." The way to make disciples of Jesus is to point Him out as the Lamb of God who taketh away sin, for He said Himself that when lifted up He would draw men unto Him.

LESSON IX.—The First Miracle of Jesus (John ii., 1-11). Golden Text, John ii., 41, "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee and manifested forth His glory." That the Bible should begin with the marriage of Adam and Eve and end with the marriage of the Lamb, the last Adam and Eve and that Jesus, the Lamb of God, the last Adam, should perform His first miracle at a marriage feast, is, to say the least, very interesting. And that He should show forth His glory by turning water into wine, makes us think of His words in Luke xxii., 18, concerning the kingdom.

LESSON X.—Jesus Cleansing the Temple (John ii., 13-25). Golden Text, John ii., 16, "Make not My Father's house a house of merchandise." It is man's way, instigated by the devil, to defile holy things and places. Since Adam defiled Eden by his disobedience it has been the story all the way down. Thank God for the New Jerusalem into which no defilement can enter (Rev. xxi., 27).

LESSON XI.—Jesus and Nicodemus (John iii., 1-16). Golden Text, John iii., 16, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." Reading the hearts of all men and knowing what was in man, Jesus tells this good moral man, a ruler of the Jews, that his great need is to be born from above, and that unless he is born from above he can never see nor enter the kingdom of God. If we miss the kingdom of God, we must be shut out into the kingdom of darkness, where are weeping and gnashing of teeth. How all important, therefore, is this birth from above, which I tried to make plain in the notes on this lesson!

LESSON XII.—Jesus at Jacob's Well (John iv., 1-26). Golden Text, John iv., 14, "Who-soever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." The seeking Saviour, the Good Shepherd, finds this lost one by the well and tells her of a well which she might have within her and ever carry with her. From the water with which she was familiar He leads her to the water of which she knew not by convincing her of sin and then revealing Himself to her, after which she became a bearer of this living water to others.

LESSON XIII.—Christ's Peaceful Reign (Isa. xi., 1-9). Golden Text, Isa. xi., 9, "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord." The time will surely come when the long rejected Jesus who was born in Bethlehem, lived at Nazareth, was crucified on Calvary and rose from the dead will come again to the air for His people and after the great tribulation to the earth with His saints to sit on David's throne in Jerusalem and execute justice and judgment in all the earth.—Lesson Helper.

Striking Water in South Dakota.

Water was struck in an experimental artesian well sunk on the farm of G. S. Grant, in ceded Sioux lands near Chamberlain, South Dakota, solving the water problem in a region composing about 10,000,000 acres.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Tax Collector's Conversion."

TEXT: "This day is salvation come to this house."—Luke xix., 9.

Zaccheus was a politician and a taxgatherer. He had an honest calling, but the opportunity for "stealings" was so large the temptation was too much for him. The Bible says he "was a sinner"—that is, in the public sense. How many fine men have been ruined by official position! It is an awful thing for any man to seek office under government unless his principles of integrity are deeply fixed. Many a man upright in an insignificant position has made shipwreck in a great one. As far as I can tell, in the city of Jericho this Zaccheus belonged to what might be called the "ring." They had things their own way, successfully avoiding exposure, if by no other way perhaps by hiring somebody to break in and steal the vouchers. Notwithstanding his bad reputation there were streaks of good about him, as there are about almost every man. Gold is found in quartz, and sometimes in a small percentage.

Jesus was coming to town. The people turned out en masse to see Him. Here He comes, the Lord of glory, on foot, dust covered and travel weary, limping along the way, carrying the griefs and woes of the world. He looks to be sixty years of age, when He is only about thirty. Zaccheus was a short man and could not see over the people's heads while standing on the ground, so he got up into a sycamore tree that swung its arm clear over the road. Jesus advanced amid the wild excitement of the surging crowd. The most honorable and popular men of the city are looking on and trying to gain His attention. Jesus, instead of regarding them, looks up at the little man in the tree and says: "Zaccheus, come down. I am going home with you." Everybody was disgusted to think that Christ would go home with so dishonorable a man.

I see Christ entering the front door of the house of Zaccheus. The King of heaven and earth sits down, and as He looks around on the place and the family He pronounces the benediction of the text, "This day is salvation come to this house."

Zaccheus had mounted the sycamore tree out of mere inquisitiveness. He wanted to see how this stranger looked—the color of His eyes, the length of His hair, the contour of His features, the height of His stature. "Come down," said Christ.

And so many people in this day get up into the tree of curiosity or speculation to see Christ. They ask a thousand queer questions about His divinity, about God's sovereignty and the eternal decrees. They speculate and criticize and hang onto the outside limb of a great sycamore, but they must come down from that if they want to be saved. We cannot be saved as philosophers, but as little children. You cannot go to heaven by way of Athens, but by way of Bethlehem.

Why be perplexed about the way sin came into the world when the great question is how we shall get sin driven out of our hearts. How many spend their time in criticism and religious speculation! They take the rose of Sharon or the lily of the valley, pull out the anther, scatter the corolla and say, "Is that the beautiful flower of religion that you are talking about?" No flower is beautiful after you have torn it all to pieces. The path to heaven is so plain that a fool need not make any mistake about it, and yet men stop and cavil. Suppose that, going toward the Pacific slope, I had resolved that I would stop until I could kill all the grizzly bears and the panthers on either side of the way. I would never have got to the Pacific coast. When I went out to hunt the grizzly bear, the grizzly bear would have come out to hunt me. Here is a plain road to heaven. Men say they will not take a step on it until they can make game of all the theories that bark and growl at them from the thickets. They forget the fact that, as they go out to hunt the theory, the theory comes out to hunt them, and so they perish.

Dr. Ludlow, my professor in the theological seminary, taught me a lesson I shall never forget. While putting a variety of questions to him that were perplexing he turned upon me, somewhat in sternness, but more in love, and said, "Mr. Talmage, you will have to let God know some things that you don't." We tear our hands on the spines of the cactus instead of feasting our eye on its tropical bloom. A great company of people now sit swinging themselves on the sycamore tree of their pride, and I cry to you: "Zaccheus, come down! Come down out of your pride, out of your inquisitiveness, out of your speculation. You cannot ride into the gate of heaven with coach and four, postilion ahead and lackey behind. 'Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God.' God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. Zaccheus, come down, come down!"

I notice that this taxgatherer accompanied his surrender to Christ with the restoration of property that did not belong to him. He says, "If I have taken anything by false accusation, I restore fourfold"—that is, if I have taxed any man for \$10,000 when he had only \$5000 worth of property and put in my own pocket the tax for the last \$5000, I will restore to him fourfold. If I took from him \$10, I will give him \$40. If I took from him \$40, I will give him \$160.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been sent to Washington during the past few years as "conscience money." I suppose that money was sent by men who wanted to be Christians, but found they could not until they made restitution. There is no need of our trying to come to Christ as long as we keep fraudulently a dollar or a farthing in our possession that belongs to another. Suppose you have not money enough to pay your debts and for the sake of defrauding your creditors you put your property in your wife's name. You might cry until the day of judgment for pardon, but you would not get it without first making restitution. In times of prosperity it is right, against a rainy day, to assign property to your wife, but if, in time of perplexity and for the sake of defrauding your creditors, you make such assignment you become a culprit before God, and you may as well stop praying until you have made restitution. Or suppose one man loans another money on bond or mortgage, with the understanding that the mortgage can lie quiet for several years, but as soon as the mortgage is given commences foreclosure—the sheriff mounts the auction block, and the property is struck down at half price, and the mortgagee buys it in. The mortgagee started to get the property at half price and is a thief and a robber. Until he makes restitution there is no mercy for him.

You say: "I cannot make restitution. The parties whom I swindled are gone." Then I say, "Take the money up to the American Bible Society and consecrate it to God." Zaccheus was wise when he disgorged his unrighteous gains, and it was his first step in the right direction.

The way being plain, Christ walked into the house of Zaccheus. He becomes a different man; his wife a different woman; his

children are different. Oh, it makes a great change in any house when Christ comes into it! How many beautiful homes are represented among you? There are pictures on the wall, there is music in the drawing-room, and luxuries in the wardrobe, and a full supply in the pantry. Even if you were half asleep, there is one word with which I could wake you and thrill you through and through, and that word is "home!" There are also houses of suffering represented in which there are neither pictures nor wardrobe nor adornment—only one room, and a plain cot, or a bunk in a corner. Yet it is the place where your loved ones dwell, and your whole nature tingles with satisfaction when you think of it and call it home. Though the world may scoff at us and pursue us, and all the day we be tossed about, at eventide we sail into the harbor of home. Though there be no rest for us in the busy world, and we go trudging about, bearing burdens that will weigh us down, there is a refuge, and it hath an easy chair in which we may sit, and a lounge where we may lie, and a serenity of peace in which we may repose, and that refuge is home. The English soldiers, sitting on the walls around Sevastopol, one night heard a company of musicians playing "Home, Sweet Home," and it is said that the whole army broke out into sobs and weeping, so great was their homesickness. God pity the poor, miserable wretch who has no home!

Now, suppose Christ should come into your house. First the wife and the mother would feel His presence. Religion almost always begins there. It is easier for women to become Christians than for men. They do not fight so against God. If woman tempted man originally away from holiness, now she tempts him back. She may not make any fuss about it, but somehow everybody in the house knows that there is a change in the wife and mother. She chides the children more gently. Her face sometimes lights up with an unearthly glow. She goes into some unoccupied room for a little while, and the husband goes not after her, nor asks why she was there. He knows without asking that she has been praying. The husband notices that her face is brighter than on the day when, years ago, they stood at the marriage altar, and he knows that Jesus has been putting upon her "brow a wreath sweeter than the orange blossoms. She puts the children to bed, not satisfied with the formal prayer that they once offered, but she lingers now and tells them of Jesus who blessed little children and of the good place where they all hope to be at last. And then she kisses them good night with something that the child feels to be a heavenly benediction—something that shall hold onto the boy after he has become a man forty or fifty years of age, for there is something in a good, loving, Christian mother's kiss that fifty years cannot wipe off the cheek.

Now the husband is distressed and annoyed and almost vexed. If she would only speak to him he would "blow her up." He does not like to say anything about it, but he knows that she has a hope that he has not and a peace that he has not. He knows that, dying as he now is, he cannot go to the same place. He cannot stand it any longer. Some Sunday night, as they sit in the church side by side, the floods of his soul break forth. He wants to pray, but does not know how. He hides his face lest some of his worldly friends see him, but God's spirit arouses him, melts him, overwhelms him. And they go home, husband and wife, in silence, until they get to their room, when he cries out, "Oh, pray for me!" And they kneel down. They cannot speak. The word will not come. But God does not want any words. He looks down and answers sob and groan and outgushing tenderness. That night they do not sleep any for talking of all the years wasted and of that Saviour who ceased not to call. Before morning they have laid their plans for a new life. Morning comes. Father and mother descend from the bedroom. The children do not know what is the matter. They never saw father with a Bible in his hand before. He says, "Come children; I want you all to sit down while we read and pray." The children look at each other and are almost disposed to laugh, but they see their parents are in deep earnest. It is a short chapter that the father reads. He is a good reader at other times, but now he does not get on much. He sees so much to linger on. His voice trembles. Everything is so strangely new to him. They kneel—that is, the father and mother do, but the children come down one by one. They do not know that they must. It is some time before they all get down. The sentences are broken. The phrases are a little ungrammatical.

The prayer begins abruptly and ends abruptly; but, as far as I can understand what they mean, it is about this: "O Saviour, help us! We do not know how to pray. Teach us. We cannot live any longer in the way we have been living. We start to-day for heaven. Help us to take these children along with us. Forgive us for all the past. Strengthen us for all the future, and when the journey is over take us where Jesus is and where the little babe is that we lost. Amen!" It ended very abruptly, but the angels came out and leaned so far over to listen they would have fallen off the battlement but for a stroke of their wings and cried: "Hark, hark! Behold, he prays!"

That night there is a rap at the bedroom door. "Who is there?" cries the father. It is the oldest child. "What is the matter? Are you sick?" "No; I want to be saved." Only a little while, and all the children are brought into the kingdom of God. And there is great joy in the house. Years pass on. The telegraph goes click, click! What is the news flying over the country? "Come home. Father is dying!" The children all gather. Some come in the last train. Some, too late for the train, take a carriage across the country. They stand around the dying bed of the father. The oldest son upholds the mother and says: "Don't cry, mother. I will take care of you." The parting blessing is given. No long admonition, for he has, through years, been saying to his children all he had to say to them. It is a plain "good-by!" and the remark, "I know you will all be kind to your mother," and all is over.

Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load, the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say
How blessed 'd the righteous when he dies.

A whole family saved forever! If the deluge come, they are all in the ark—father, mother, sons, daughters. Together on earth, together in heaven. What makes it so? Explain it. Zaccheus one day took Jesus home with him. That is all. Salvation came to that house.

What sound is it I hear to-night? It is Jesus knocking at the door of your house. Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks—has knocked before.
If you gazed out of your window and saw me going up your front steps, you would not wait, but go yourself to open the door. Will you keep Jesus standing on the outside, His locks wet with the dews of the night? This day is salvation come to thy house. The great want of your house is not a new carpet or costlier pictures or richer furniture. It is Jesus!

Up to forty years men work for themselves, after that for their children. Now, what do you propose to leave them. Nothing but dollars? Alas, what an inheritance! It is more likely to be a curse than a blessing. Your own common sense and observation tell you that money, without the divine blessing, is a curse. You must soon leave your children. Your shoulders are not so

strong as they were, and you know that they will soon have to carry their own burdens. Your eyesight is not so clear as once. They will soon have to pick out their own way. Your arm is not so mighty as once. They will soon have to fight their own battles.

Oh, let it not be told on judgment day that you let your family start without the only safeguard—the religion of Christ. Give yourself no rest until your children are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Your son does just as you do. He tries to walk like you and to talk like you. The daughter imitates the mother. Alas, if father and mother miss heaven, the children will! Oh, let Jesus come into your house. Do not bolt the hall door, or the parlor door, or the kitchen door, or the bedroom door against Him. Above all, do not bolt your heart.

Build your altar to-night. Take the family Bible lying on the parlor table. Call together as many of your family as may be awake. Read a chapter, and then, if you can think of nothing else besides the Lord's Prayer, say that. That will do. Heaven will have begun in your house. You can put your head on your pillow, feeling that, whether you wake up in this world or the next, all is well. In that great, ponderous book of the judgment, where are recorded all the important events of the earth, you will read at last the statement that this was the day when salvation came into your house. Oh, Zaccheus, come down, come down! Jesus is passing by!

A JUDICIAL order was issued at Chicago, dissolving the Whisky Trust and directing the closing up of its affairs. Indictments have been found in Texas against the Cotton Seed Oil Trust. A petition was filed in the United States Circuit Court for the dissolution of the Chicago Gas Trust and the appointment of a receiver for its properties.

The Secretary of the Treasury notified all customs officers that after October 1 the head money tax on alien passengers would be \$1 instead of fifty cents. This is in accordance with a provision of the Sunday Civil Appropriation bill.

THE MARKETS.

Late Wholesale Prices of Country Produce Quoted in New York.

38 MILK AND CREAM.

Under a good demand the market has ruled generally active throughout the past week. The average price for the platform surplus at the various milk-receiving stations has been \$1.47 per can of 40 quarts. The Exchange price, was raised to 3½¢ per quart. Receipts of the week, fluid

milk, gals. 1,521,729
Condensed milk, gals. 13,010
Cream, gals. 49,717

BUTTER.

Creamery—Penn., extras. 23½¢ @ 24
Western, extras. 21 @ 24½
Western, firsts. 21 @ 23
Western, thirds to seconds 16 @ 20
State—Extra. 22 @ 22½
Firsts. 19 @ 21
Seconds. 18 @ 18
Western Im. Creamery, firsts. 18 @ 18
Seconds. 14 @ 14
Western Dairy. 13½¢ @ 17
Factory, June, firkins. 14½¢ @ 16

CHEESE.

State—Full cream, white, fancy 10½¢ @ 10½
Full cream, good to prime. 9½¢ @ 9½
State Factory—Part skims, choice. 7½¢ @ 8
Part skims, com. to prime. 4 @ 7
Full skims. — @ —

EGGS.

State & Penn.—Fresh. 18½¢ @ 19
Jersey—Fancy. 19½¢ @ 20
Western—Fresh, best. 18 @ 18½
Duck eggs—South & West. — @ —
Goose eggs. — @ —

BEANS AND PEAS.

Beans—Marrow, 1893, choice. — @ 3 00
Medium, 1893, choice. 1 85 @ 1 90
Pea, 1893, choice. — @ 1 90
Red kidney, 1893, choice. 2 40 @ 2 50
White kidney, 1893, choice 2 50 @ 2 60
Black turtle soup, 1893. 1 95 @ 2 00
Lima, Cal., 1893, 30 lbs. 2 70 @ 2 75
Green peas, bbls. 3 bush. — @ 1 15

FRUITS AND BERRIES—FRESH.

Plums, 10 lb basket. 20 @ 35
Prunes, 5 basket. 40 @ 50
Peaches, 5 basket. 40 @ 1 25
Cranberries, Cape Cod, 700 @ 8 00
Muskmelons, 7 bbl. 50 @ 2 50
Apples, green, 7 bbl. 1 50 @ 2 00
Pears, Bartlett, 7 bbl. 2 00 @ 4 00
Grapes, Del., 7 basket. 14 @ 15

HOPS.

State—1893, choice, 7 lb. — @ 7
1893, common to good. 4 @ 6
Pacific Coast, choice. 5 @ 8
Common to prime. — @ —
Old odds. 2 @ 4

HAY AND STRAW.

Hay—Good to choice 100 lb. 70 @ 75
Clover mixed. 45 @ 55
Straw—Long rye. 40 @ 55
Short rye. 35 @ 40

LIVE POULTRY.

Fowls, 7 lb. 11 @ 11½
Spring chickens, 7 lb. 10 @ 11
Roosters, old, 7 lb. 6½¢ @ 7
Turkeys, 7 lb. 10 @ 11
Ducks, 7 pair. 40 @ 80
Geese, 7 pair. 1 00 @ 1 37
Pigeons, 7 pair. — @ —

DRESSED POULTRY.

Turkeys, 7 lb. 10 @ 16
Chickens, Phila, broilers. 12 @ 18
Western, 7 lb. 10 @ 12
Jersey, 7 lb. — @ —
Fowls, 7 lb. 11 @ 12
Ducks, 7 lb. — @ 15
Geese, 7 lb. 12 @ 12½
Squabs, 7 doz. 1 50 @ 2 50

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, Jersey, 7 bbl. 1 25 @ 1 87
Sweet, 7 bbl. 1 37 @ 2 25
Cabbage, 7 100. 5 00 @ 7 00
Onions—Yellow, 7 bbl. 1 75 @ 2 00
Red, 7 bbl. 1 62 @ 1 87
Squash, marrow, 7 bbl. — @ 75
Turnips, Russia, 7 bbl. 75 @ 1 00
Egg plant, 7 bbl. 1 00 @ 1 25
Celery, 7 doz roots. 8 @ 12
String beans, 7 bag. — @ —
Green peas, 7 bag. 1 25 @ 2 00
Green corn, 7 100. 75 @ 1 00
Tomatoes, 7 box. 25 @ 40
Cucumbers, 7 100. 50 @ 1 00
Lima beans, 7 bag. 50 @ 1 00
Cauliflower, 7 bbl. 1 00 @ 3 00

GRAIN, ETC.

Flour—Winter Patents. 3 00 @ 3 25
Spring Patents. 3 40 @ 3 55
Wheat, No. 2 Red. — @ 58
December. — @ 60½
Corn—No. 2. — @ 62½
Oats—No. 2 White. — @ 37½
Track mixed. — @ —
Rye—State. — @ —
Barley—Ungraded Western. 60 @ 65
Lard—City Steam. 8½¢ @ 9

LIVE STOCK.

Beeves, city dressed. 6½¢ @ 9
Milch Cows, com. to good. — @ —
Calves, city dressed. 7½¢ @ 11
Country dressed. 6 @ 10
Sheep, 7 100 lbs. 2 00 @ 3 25
Lamb, 7 100 lbs. 3 00 @ 4 35
Hogs—Live, 7 100 lbs. 6 00 @ 6 40
Dressed. 7½¢ @ 9

A CHINESE TRAFALGAR.

THE JAPANESE WIN A DECISIVE NAVAL VICTORY.

The Fleets of the Two Oriental Belligerents Fight a Great Sea Battle Off the Mouth of the Yalu River—Four Warships Lost—The Japs Capture a Big Booty.

The Central News Shanghai correspondents telegraph that advices from Chinese sources report a severe naval engagement at the mouth of the Yalu River, between the Chinese northern squadron and the Japanese fleet. The battle lasted six hours. During the fight the Chinese warships Yang Wei and Chao Yung caught fire and were burned and run ashore, and the Chih Yuen and King Yuen were sunk. No Japanese ships were sunk. The treasure captured at Ping-Yang amounted to \$3,000,000.

A despatch to the Central News from Shanghai, says: "A number of officers who were engaged in the naval battle at the Yalu River have arrived at Port Arthur with half a dozen warships, badly damaged and filled with wounded men."

The despatch states that Admiral Ting's fleet left port to convey seven steam transports, conveying a large force of troops. A number of Europeans in the service of the Chinese Admiralty accompanied the troops, which were to be landed near Wip, from which point they were to be sent to the front. These troops comprised some artillery, but were mostly composed of infantry. Nothing was seen of the enemy until the Chinese fleet reached the mouth of the Yalu River, when a fleet of Japanese warships was sighted. Thereupon the transports were hurried forward and the warships were cleared for action. The efforts of the transports to land the troops were successful, and most of them were gotten ashore before the naval battle began.

The Chen Yuen was the first vessel to open fire, and was soon engaged with two Japanese warships of about the same size, one of which is supposed to have been the cruiser Chiyoda. Soon all the vessels of both fleets were engaged. The Chinese cruisers Chih Yuen and King Yuen were sunk, and 600 officers and men on board of them were drowned. Only a few of the men struggling in the water were picked up.

The Chao Yung and Yang Wei, in manoeuvring for more advantageous positions, got into shallow water and ran aground. The stranded vessels were helpless under the fire of the big guns of the Japanese ships, and were finally set on fire by the enemy's shells and became wrecks.

It was feared that some of the transport ships were sunk, including one whose troops had not yet been landed. The Chinese loss is estimated at 1500 killed and wounded, and the Japanese loss is supposed to be 1000; but none of the Chinese officers giving accounts of the battle knew the names or size of the four vessels of the enemy which are alleged to have been destroyed.

Taking the Chinese best view of the battle, it is plain that the encounter has resulted in seriously crippling the naval strength of China.

Despatches from Shanghai say that despite the previous despatch stating that the Chinese warship Chen Yuen was sunk in the engagement off the mouth of the Yalu River, it seems certain that she was not sunk, though she is badly damaged. At the same time, it seems equally certain that the Chen Yuen and the other Chinese ships mentioned were sent to the bottom as stated.

The captain of the Chinese turret ship Tsi Yuen, which withdrew from the engagement and witnessed the fight from a distance, reported that he saw four Japanese vessels sunk.

Great consternation prevails in the palace at Peking. The Emperor is determined to take the management of affairs into his own hands, but this step is not looked upon with favor by the Government officers, who consider such a course as beneath the dignity of His Majesty.

THE LABOR WORLD.

The Scotch miners' strike is over.

MONTREAL, Canada, is to have a co-operative bakery.

The woolen factories of this country employ 220,000 persons.

The engines of the world can do the work of 1,000,000,000 men.

It takes 150,000 men and boys and girls to carry on the oyster business for New York.

The British Trades Union Congress called on Parliament to shut out "destitute aliens."

WESTERN NEW YORK farmers state that Poles "beat the world" as workers in the field.

The average weekly wages paid to female laborers of all classes in Germany is \$2.17.

HOUSEMAIDS in England receive an average of seventy-five cents a week and "found."

The letter carriers among the Knights of Labor are agitating for the formation of a Letter Carriers' National Trade Assembly.

PROFESSOR SWING, of Chicago, speaking of labor unions, said laborers must organize as just men, not as bandits, in order to win.

The Union Pacific Railroad has notified its employees that they must not take any part in politics, nor discuss the subject under pain of dismissal.

TWELVE HUNDRED miners employed by the Spring Valley (Ill.) Coal Company quit work in sympathy with the trap boys, who want an advance of five cents a day.

The growth of the Knights of Labor all over the United States is estimated to be not less than 4000 during the last year. Six hundred locals have been added since last September.

SEVERAL of the Western roads have adopted the system of paying premiums for the saving of coal on locomotives. On some occasions as high as \$6 a week has been thus paid to engine crews.

The English laboring men are suffering from the same cause that has made trouble for the American workers. Immigration from the cheap labor countries has crowded out English workmen to a degree that has attracted widespread attention.

Laws for the settlement of disputes between employers and their workmen by arbitration and conciliation have been enacted in California, Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

The Biennial Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen convened at Harrisburg, Penn. The report of Grand Secretary Arnold shows a balance of \$77,000 in the treasury. Grand Master Sargent and Vice-Grand Master Hanrahan were re-elected.

The feeling in trade circles is generally cheerful, there having been a continued demand from the country for both staple and manufactured goods.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

GLASSCOCK's retirement left a hole in Pittsburgh's infield.

BALTIMORE won the series with Louisville by ten games to two.

TWELVE of the thirteen lowest averaged batters in the League are pitchers.

BECKLEY, of Pittsburgh, during the season was hit by pitched balls sixteen times.

THE record for base stealing is held by Hamilton, of Philadelphia—seven in one game.

ANSON, of Chicago, says there was more real science in baseball eighteen years ago than to-day.

THE Louisvilles won but two games in the East this season—one in Philadelphia, the other in Boston.

DUFFY, of Boston, was the first player in the League to make 100 hits; also the first to make his 200th.

CATCHER TENNEY, of Boston, throws left handed. He is one of the few prominent backstops that do.

ONE of the surprises of the season is the great game that Lachance, of Brooklyn, has played at first base.

VAN HALTREN is the only member of the New Yorks who participated in every game played by that team.

It is reported that the Boston team will have about three new faces next season, and two of them will be pitchers.

In the list of seventy-five League players having a batting average of .300 and over the Boston Club has ten representatives.

HANLON, of Baltimore, says he will have exactly the same team next season, reinforced by another pitcher and catcher.

MANNING, the sole proprietor, manager, captain and second baseman of the Kansas City Club, will clear \$7000 on the season.

QUICK-WITTED, active and reliable players are required to execute intricate combination plays that are necessary in a winning team.

YOUNG, of Cleveland, holds the strike out record of the season, made at New York. He accomplished the feat by striking out ten of the New Yorks.

The baseball players are taking the liveliest interest in the Professional Football League. Several players have signed and many more want to.

Now is the time of year when the young ball player will wander back to the old home with a high hat and cane, and live all winter in hopes of big things next season.

KELLEY, of the Baltimore, in one game made nine hits, with a total of fourteen, out of nine times at the bat—an average of 1.000. It was the batting record of the season.

In view of the experience of the Baltimore this season, Southern practice trips will probably be all the rage next year. Hanlon stole a march on the whole League last spring.

A WORCESTER (Mass.) man has invented a machine on the electric principle which, he says, will register balls and strikes correctly and confine the umpire's work to decisions on the bases.

The pitching record of the season shows that the left-handed twirlers have been handicapped more than the right-handers by the pitching rules. Brettenstein, of St. Louis, is the only notable exception.

The first and second clubs in the League race play a series of seven games for the Temple cup. The players receive all the gate money, and it is estimated that this will amount to between \$700 and \$800 for each man.

It was undoubtedly the increased pitching distance that caused the batting to be as heavy as it has been this season. Some of the suffering pitchers are slyly advocating the curtailing of the distance between the "box" and the plate. It will not be done.

CATCHER DOOHUE, of the Kansas City Western League team, has broken the catching record heretofore held by Zimmer. Up to August 28 he had caught 126 consecutive games and never missed an inning of one of the games. He promises to finish the season behind the bat, something no other catcher has done since the days of overhand pitching.

COLONEL JOHN M. WILSON, superintendent of public buildings and grounds, in his report for August severely censures Catcher Schriver and other members of the Chicago baseball team for their feat accomplished on their late visit to Washington of dropping a ball from the top of the monument which Schriver caught. Colonel Wilson says the practice is a "discourtesy" and might result in injuring somebody.

RECORD OF THE LEAGUE CLUBS.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Per.	Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Per.
Baltimore.	86	37	.699	Pittsburgh.	61	63	.492
New York.	83	43	.659	Chicago.	55	74	.426
Boston.	80	46	.635	Cincinnati.	53	73	.421
Philadelphia.	71	53	.573	St. Louis.	51	75	.405
Brooklyn.	68	57	.544	Washington.	45	83	.352
Cleveland.	64	59	.520	Louisville.	35	89	.282

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

The clove crop is short.

CHILE has 484 centenarians.

CHILDREN now play with electric tops.

OHIO has nearly 12,000 drinking saloons.

Continued from first page.

he spoken of Florence Withers.

One snowy afternoon I, finishing a Psalm, the 23d, thought him asleep, and knowing his extreme weakness, rather fearfully bent down to listen to his breathing; it was soft as an infant's. I saw his lips move and heard one word; it was only "Floy"—perhaps, thought I, he is praying, and I moved silently away.

It must have been so, and his prayer was answered, for when I came back I found a kneeling figure at his side and his head pillowed in Florence's embrace.

Standing alone and gazing out the window was a gentleman whom I knew must be Mr. Withers, and so individually grateful was I for this, his unselfish deed, that I regarded him as holding that rarest of all titles, "Nature's Nobleman." They were just in time. Death came with the twilight.

I have known what prompted Mr. Withers to this kindness, but well assured am I that in doing it he took the surest methods toward gaining the affection which, through no fault of his, had been lavished on another.

What a Flirt Is.

I remember a long time ago hearing a singular definition of a term very well understood by most of us, given by an old Scotchman, who spoke with a strong accent. "What's a flirt?" said he. "A man who proposes and is refused." How he came to be in such a state of ignorance is more than I can say, but so it was, and I am reminded of the story by seeing in a book that the verb "to flirt" means "to move to and fro with a pert motion, as, to flirt a fan." The fan being used for coquetting, those who coquetted were called "fan-flirts." Lady Frances Shelly introduced the word.

While on this subject I should like to mention, as the result of observation, that flirts are born, not made, and, that unless the faculty comes by nature, it is of not very much use to try and acquire it, because not only does the effort recall the attempted gambols of a cow, which only draw attention to the natural heaviness and solemnity of the animal, but it is as likely as not that in putting on a manner and "ways" that are not consonant with one's temperament, one may make hideous mistakes, just as when a very shy person tries to be cool and assured in bearing, it happens often that the coolness seems like rudeness, and the assurance like insolence. I don't believe we can really alter our natural selves even externally, any more than we can change our physical appearance much without its being found out. It is the "ass in the lion's skin," after all.

A Big Fish.

An eastern tourist in Nevada had been spinning some incredible fish yarns, when one of the party, turning to an old mountaineer, said:

Bill, I don't know 'bout that.

Do you mean to say that you have caught more and larger fish?

No; but I've caught some pretty big fellers.

Come, now, tell us the weight of the largest trout you ever caught.

Wal, I can't exactly tell as to the weight, but you folks can figger on it.

Now, you know it is over two hundred miles around this yer lake. Put it down. As I said here before I don't know the weight of the biggest trout I ever yanked out, but I did haul one up on the beach, and after I had landed him the lake fell three feet, and you can see by that water mark over yonder that it hasn't riz sence.

Animals Which Give Light.

More than 150 families of animals on land and in water, embracing tens of thousands of species, produce phosphorescent light. They yield enough of it to illuminate London, Paris and Glasgow, says "Lloyd's Newspaper."

The most brilliant light afforded by any land animal is that of the famous firefly of the tropics, known as the "cucujo." Thirty-eight of them yield one candle power. People in Cuba confine them in paper lanterns for going about the country at night, or for indoor lighting. Sometimes they attach one of the insects to each foot for traveling in the dark, to serve as a guide to the path. Also they use them as ornaments for the dress and hair.

A scientist has recently decided that the light does not depend on the vital principle of the insect. He found that an egg became luminous on being shaken in a glass receptacle. Then he dried the eggs and kept them in that condition for a long time. On being moistened they shone. The dried eggs were powdered in a mortar, but they gave light on being moistened. The beetles themselves, 12 hours after being killed by electricity, were still luminous.

So the professor infers that nothing more than a chemical combination is concerned in the manufacture of this "cheapest light." He thinks there is hope that we may be able to reproduce it some day.

To make a light equal in brilliance to that of this tropical insect we must produce a temperature of 2,000 degrees. The firefly's lamp creates no heat that can be detected by the most delicate instrument. Its energy is entirely expended in illumination. Nature, while offering object lessons in the art on every hand, laughs at man's efforts to imitate her in this field.

The Sun's Heat.

The fact has long been recognized that the sun is a variable star. Of course its variations are slight, else they would have a disastrous effect upon the earth. The regularity with which sun spots gradually increase, and then decrease in number and size, is, however, a sufficient indication that, as viewed from a great distance in space, and with sufficiently delicate means of observation, the sun would run through a cycle of variations in brightness once in every 11 years.

It might well be supposed that if such changes take place, they would be more easily perceived from the earth than from a greater distance. As a matter of fact, however, there are practical difficulties which render it almost impossible to get an accurate measure of the variation from year to year in the amount of the sun's radiation that falls upon the earth.

It has even been undecided whether the sun is hotter or colder when it is most spotted. Some observations have indicated that the sun is hotter when the disturbances that create sun-spots are most active, while other observations have, at the same time, tended to show that less heat is then received on the face of the earth than is received when there are practically no sun-spots.

Recently, however, Mr. Savelief has reported to the Academy of Science in Paris the result of experiments and calculations made by him since 1890, which strongly go to show that not only is the sun hotter when it is most spotted, but that it is precisely at such times that the surface of the earth feels the greatest intensity of solar radiation.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE ITEM. \$1.00 per year in advance.

He Was First Up.

It was so seldom that Jabez Johnson had the chance of going on a spree that he accepted with alacrity the invitation of Farmer Sanborn to attend his husking bee. Jabez liked a good time, and his quick wit seldom allowed any one to out point him in a sparring match of words. But on this particular night Jabez partook so freely of the cup that inebriates that his tongue lacked its accustomed vigor and alertness. His chum, seeing he was not shining with his usual brilliancy, took him in a corner, gave him a few words of very pointed advice, and then started him on the road for home. But somehow the poor fellows feet became a little confused. They led him across a cemetery, and as a new grave had that day been dug, but had not yet received its occupant, of course he fell in. There he slept all the night. When he awoke next morning his head was clear, although a little sore. He could not imagine where he was. Finally he gathered himself together, and climbed out of the hole. When his eyes fell upon the white stones all about him he was at a loss to account for their presence. Suddenly a beam of intelligence brightened his face and he almost laughed for joy. "Gosh!" he exclaimed, "darned if it ain't the judgment day, and you bet I'm the first one up."—Troy Press.

The Discovery Saved His Life.

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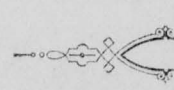
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